Under the Berlin Wall

EDC November 4, 1965 35¢

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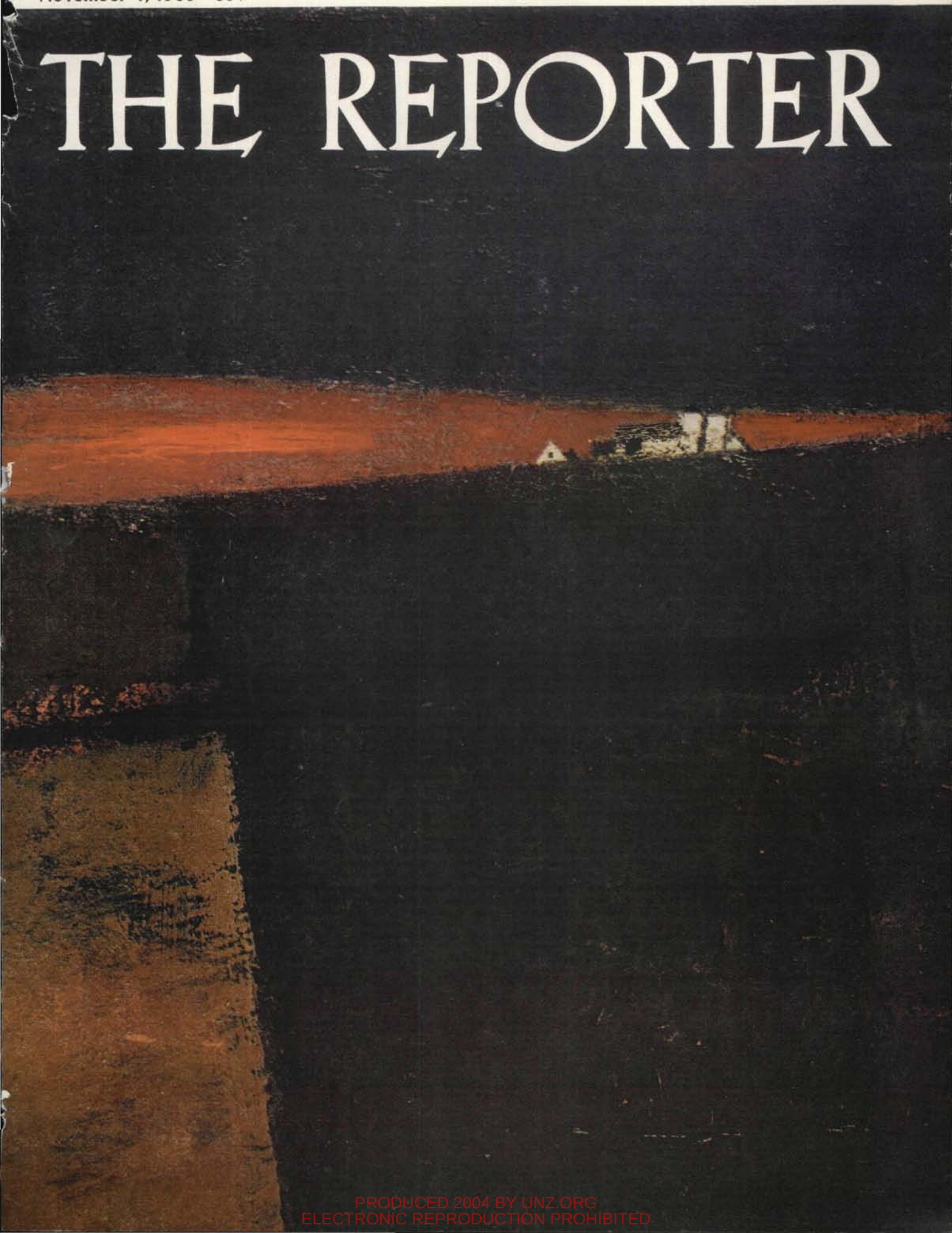
THE REPORTER



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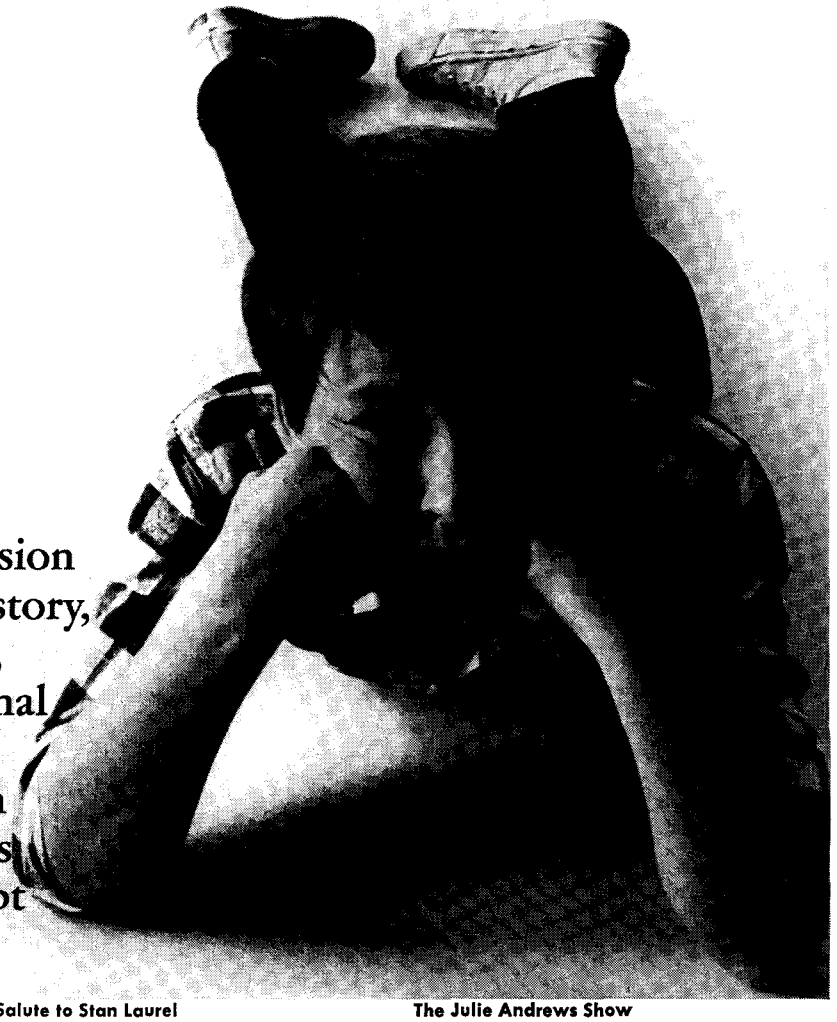

In November, television looks at government, history, music, regional cultures, and even ethics in internal medicine.

If you tell him to turn off the television set this month, you may interrupt his education.

Election Returns
Returns, bulletins, and reports.
Tuesday, November 2.

Lamp Unto My Feet: Erasmus
Dramatizes the life of the Renaissance humanist.
Sunday, November 7 (10-10:30 AM)

Directions '66
Mission: The Christian Calling; The Church and the Theatre, Part 1 and Part 2; Revolt on the Campus.
Sundays, November 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 PM)

The Wild, Wild East
First in a series on regions of the United States focuses on Eastern personalities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

National Citizenship Test
Nationwide television test for home-viewers on citizens' rights and responsibilities.
Tuesday, November 9 (10-11 PM)

The Spanish Armada
Traces the historic struggle for world dominance between England and Spain in the 16th Century.
Sunday, November 14 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Inherit the Wind
Melvyn Douglas and Ed Begley recreate their Broadway roles in the "monkey trial" drama.
Thursday, November 18 (9:30-11 PM)

A Salute to Stan Laurel
Lucille Ball, Rock Hudson, Buster Keaton, Danny Kaye, Phil Silvers, Dick Van Dyke, in a tribute to the late comedian.
Tuesday, November 23 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Congress Needs Help
Evaluation of a year's study of the operating machinery of Congress. David Brinkley narrates.
Wednesday, November 24 (10-11 PM)

Sammy Davis and the Wonderful World of Children
Sammy Davis, Jr. and musically talented youngsters in a Thanksgiving Day Show.
Thursday, November 25 (5-6 PM)

A Visit to Washington with Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
A tour of the nation's Capital and its historic sites.
Thursday, November 25 (Time TBA)

Who Shall Live?
Examines the ethical and economic issues involved in the use of the artificial kidney at the Seattle Artificial Kidney Center.
Sunday, November 28 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood or Oh Wolf, Poor Wolf
Liza Minelli and Cyril Ritchard star in a musical based on the famous fairy tale.
Sunday, November 28 (7-8 PM)

The Julie Andrews Show
With guest stars Gene Kelly and The New Christy Minstrels.
Sunday, November 28 (9-10 PM)

Musical Atoms—A Study of Intervals. Featuring the first movement of Brahms 4th Symphony.
Monday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parade Jubilee
Parades in major American cities.
Thursday, November 25 (10 AM-12 Noon)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/ The First Look/Exploring/ABC Scope/ Wide World of Sports/Sports in Action

Sundays:
Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/ Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/ Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Wisdom/ Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (NYT), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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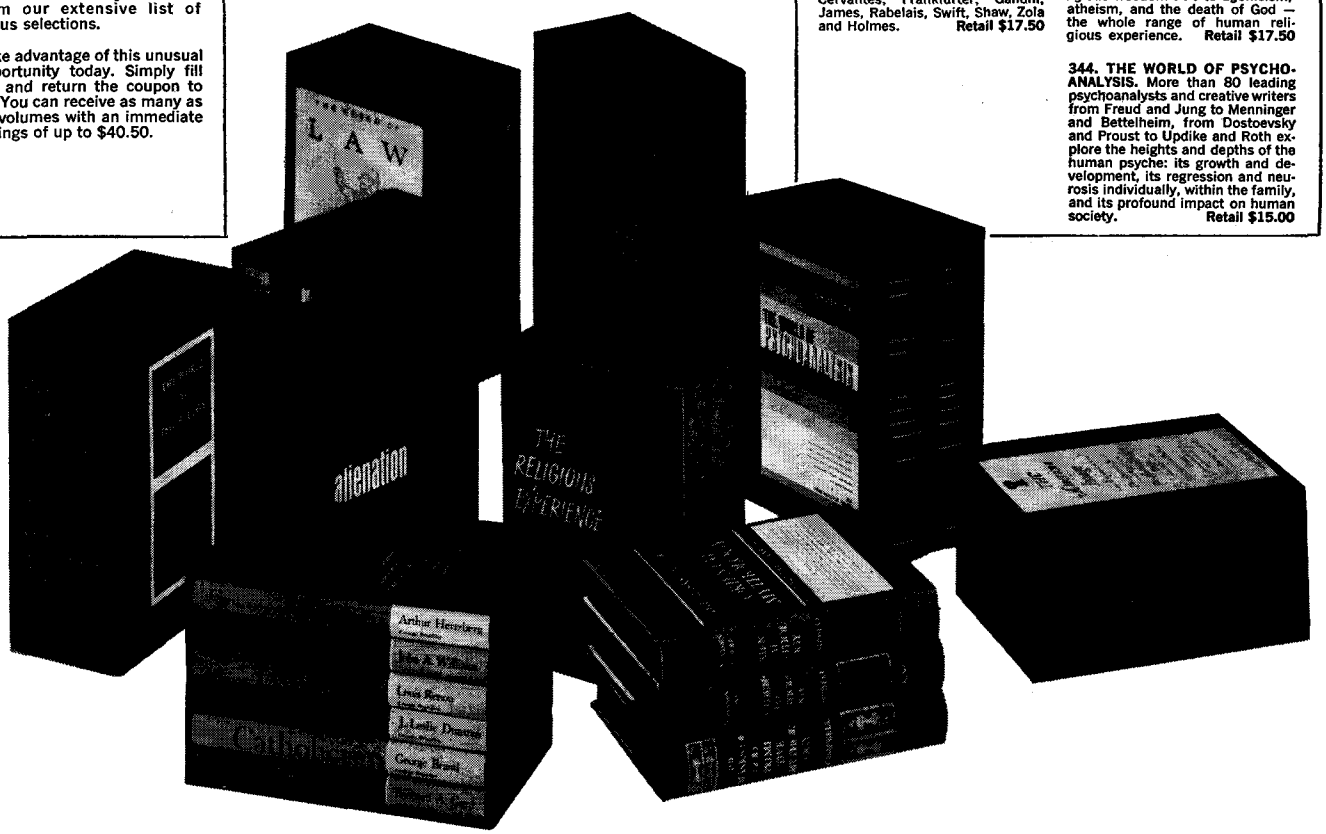

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AFTER FOUR YEARS, the Berlin Wall is as ugly as ever, and it is being made thicker and thicker and more difficult to breach. At the same time, it has been a failure in one important respect: it has not made East Berlin or East Germany any stronger. In fact it has made East Germany more dependent on the West. **George Bailey's** report questions who is forcing his will on whom. The stronger and more productive of the two régimes, the one better suited to satisfy the needs of its own people—and those of the opposite side—is going to prevail. The process will be a tough one, for the opponent is ruthless, but certainly since the Berlin Wall was erected, nothing—not even the wars in Vietnam or in India—surpasses its central importance.

THIS IS the season in India of Dewali, the Festival of Lights, when Hindus celebrate in a joyful vein. This year, in addition to the traditional fireworks, shopkeepers have been doing a good business with elaborate pyrotechnical displays depicting Pakistani Sabre jets being shot down in flames and Patton tanks being destroyed by intrepid Indian gunners. It is all a part of the mounting nationalistic fever on both sides of the Kashmir dispute, which, according to **Edmond Taylor,** has taken on dangerous religious overtones that could lead to a wave of communal violence across the subcontinent. Taylor, on the scene in Srinagar and New Delhi, describes the unrest and uncertainty in Kashmir, while **Richard Critchfield,** Asia correspondent of the Washington *Evening Star,* provides the background of the crisis. . . . The U.S. Office of Education has learned the hard way that "You can't beat city hall." It tangled with Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago and lost, but according to **Kevin P. Buckley** and **Richard Cotton** of *Newsweek's* Chicago staff, the battle over segregation in the city's schools will go on. . . . Seldom has one leader been so closely identified with his people as Luis Muñoz Marín with the Puerto Ricans. Perhaps it was for this reason that the island's perennial governor resigned last year: having seen his unique Commonwealth through its birth and infancy, he may have felt that his continued presence as a father figure would hinder its progress toward political maturity **A. W. Maldonado,** senior editor of the San Juan *Star,* introduces us to his successor, and relates the curious circumstances of a trial involving San Juan's popular lady mayor to illustrate the style of the new leadership in Puerto Rico. . . . **Claire Sterling** revisits Israel to report on the comeback campaign of the nation's high-principled Grand Old Man, David Ben-Gurion.

WHATEVER ELSE may be said about John Osborne's plays, they are—in England at least—guaranteed to make news. For some months he has had two running simultaneously in London, the first notable because a single character does most of the talking, and the other because in the opinion of the Lord Chamberlain, that implacable guardian of British morals, nobody should have done any talking at all—it was all about homosexuality in the now defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire and was relegated to club-theatre status, one of the intriguing relics of the now defunct British Empire. Both plays are soon to be produced here. **Hortense Calisher** got an advance look at them in London recently and thinks that, finances permitting, it is the place to judge Osborne properly. Her *Journal from Ellipsia* has just been published by Little, Brown. . . . *The Possible Worlds of Fernando Krahn* (Dutton) is so far the only collection available of the works of our irreverent Chilean. Meanwhile he sends a floral tribute. . . . **Joseph A. Page,** an assistant professor of law at the Denver Law School, has spent several summers in Brazil. . . . A member of the staff of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, **Andrew M. Greeley** is a sociologist as well as a Catholic priest, and is one of our regular contributors. . . . **Alfred Werner** is an art critic and historian whose latest book, *Modigliani,* will be published by Abrams later this fall. . . . **Dan Pinck** is affiliated with Educational Services Incorporated. . . . Former editor of *Columbia University Forum,* **Erik Wensberg** is now on the staff of the Book Review section of the New York *Times.* . . . **David Cornel DeJong,** who lives in Providence, Rhode Island, has taught creative writing and is the author of novels, short stories, and books for children, as well as of poetry. His newest volume is *Alexander the Monkey-Sitter,* published this summer by Little, Brown.

The fall cover on this issue is by **Richard Powers.**

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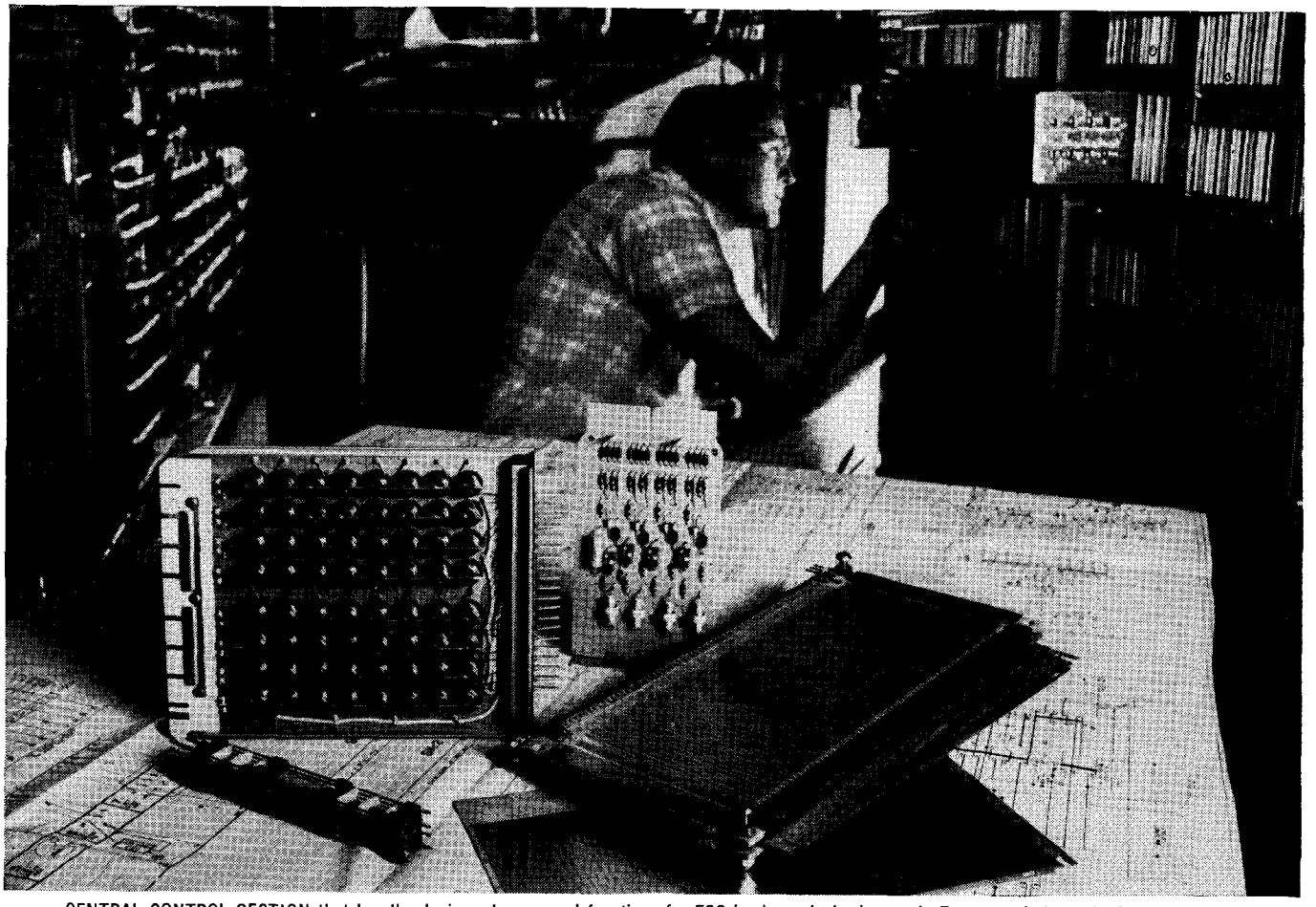

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WHAT THE VOTE CAN DO

To the Editor: In his "Beyond the Voting Rights Act" (*The Reporter,* October 7), Paul Good incisively delineated an essential fact about the Negro rights revolution, the implications of which reach far beyond the eleven states of the old Confederacy: namely, that the passage of the voting-rights bill will not prove a panacea for the Negro.

Without mature political leaders, without a comprehensive attack on the root economic problems, without accelerated programs of educational reform and improvement, our newly enfranchised voters may become dangerously disillusioned, and the uplifting purposes of the Voting Rights Act itself may become corrupted. All of which seems to bear out the meaning of your editorial right after the march from Selma to Montgomery ("The Boundaries of the Permissible," April 8).

JOHN COLDIRON
Elyria, Ohio

To the Editor: While I am in agreement with the general tenor of Paul Good's article, I must take issue with his statement that "No one addressed himself to the crucial issue of the day—what the newly won vote could or could not do for the Southern Negro." This was one of the issues I discussed at the church rallies he mentions. The number of Negroes who have registered since the passage of the voting-rights bill has been less than expected, but I have reason to believe that there will be a substantial increase prior to the 1966 general election.

WILLIAM H. ALEXANDER
State Representative-Elect
Atlanta

THE OPEN-SHOP SOUTH

To the Editor: You are to be commended for publishing Bill Kovach's factual and well-written report on Tennessee's efforts to attract industry ("The Air-Conditioned Sweatshop," *The Reporter,* October 7). I know Mr. Kovach and have been impressed with his ability for some time.

ROSS BASS
U.S. Senate

To the Editor: As a newcomer to the South who has been impressed with its remarkable progress in attracting industry, I must take issue with some of Bill Kovach's conclusions.

Undeniably, wage rates are lower here than in the North, but this is to be expected in an area that has long subsisted on the strength of its agricultural product. Mr. Kovach overlooks the facts that a comparable standard of living costs less here than in the expensive cities of the North and that per capita income is growing faster in the South than anywhere else.

New industry brings new jobs and, eventually, a broader tax base to support much-needed educational facilities. In North Carolina, the lure of modest wages and tax incentives is supplemented by state-sponsored job training that cannot help but be beneficial to industry *and* its employees.

It is unreasonable to expect that unions will find as much acceptance here today as in the North, which is decades ahead in industrial development. Many communities in the Northeast now regret contributing to the strength of unions whose excessive wage demands are the reason factories now stand idle.

Until union leaders prove their worth to the Southern employee, the growth of the closed shop will be slow indeed.

DOUGLAS P. WHEELER
Durham, North Carolina

SENATOR KUCHEL'S DECISION

To the Editor: There is no mystery in Senator Thomas H. Kuchel's decision to stay on as senior senator from California instead of running for governor of that state ("Where Are the New Republicans?", "The Reporter's Notes," October 7). In my opinion, the senator has exercised excellent judgment. Certainly no one can accuse him of "fleeing from battle" for he is a fighter from the word go, as his record clearly indicates.

No doubt he is horrified (as many Californians are) at the thought of George Murphy as senior senator of our great state. Kuchel is doing a good job in the Senate, putting his country first and his party second, and pray what's wrong with that? He is badly needed as an outspoken common-sense moderate voice from "kook-ridden" California. If the Republicans cannot come up with more than one good man without robbing the U.S. Senate, they deserve to lose. Come to think of it, Governor Edmund G. Brown is doing a pretty good job on his own. Maybe that's one more reason for Kuchel's decision.

SHIRLEY WOLF
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Senator Kuchel's decision not to run for governor of California may be wiser than you suggest. In the last two gubernatorial elections, the Republican candidates were obviously interested in the governorship only for its leverage at the national level. First Knowland, then Nixon split the party and lost the election; Nixon, like Kuchel, had been heavily favored in the polls. A Kuchel candidacy in 1966 would find many Goldwater Republicans staying home in November. It would also suggest that Kuchel was interested not in serving California—for that, his Senate seniority is more valuable—but in finding a safer springboard for 1968 than the Senate seat

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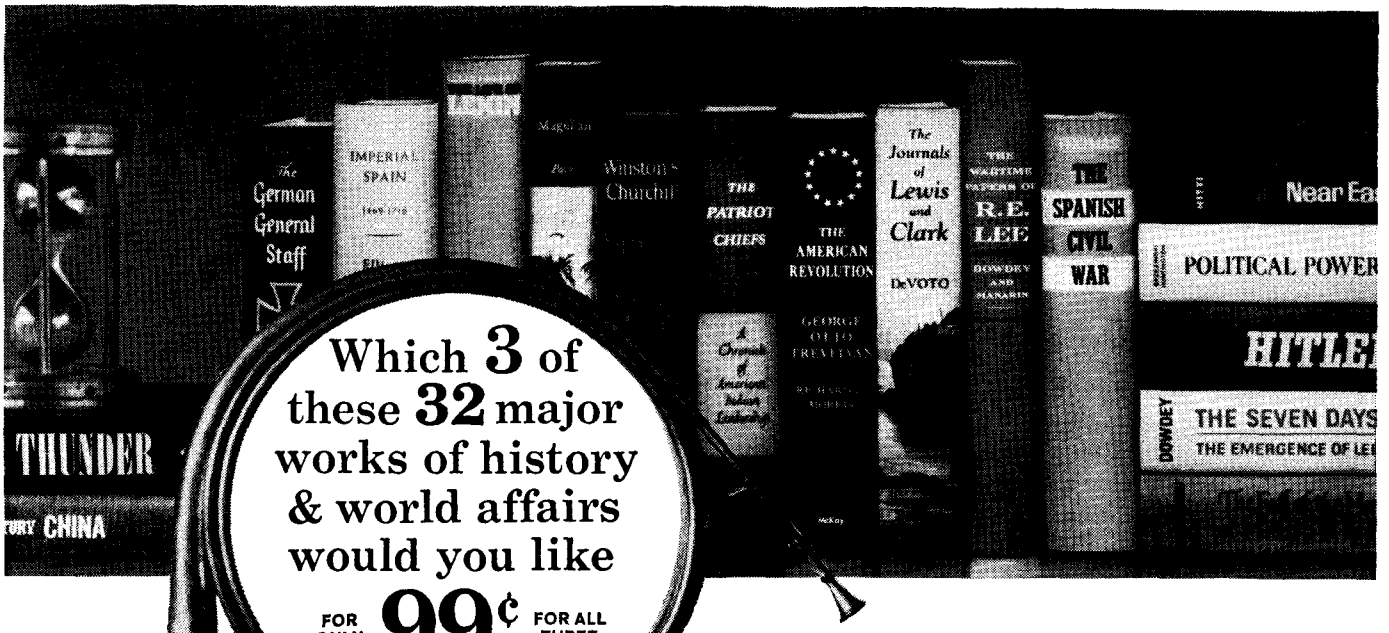

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Daniel J. Baum and Ned B. Stiles
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that is up for election that year. Admittedly, California needs a competent governor as badly as the Republican Party needs a moderate California; but turning Senator Kuchel into a splitter and a carpetbagger is probably not the way to do it.

GORDON B. CHAMBERLAIN
Berkeley, California

THE ART OF REMEMBERING

To the Editor: Many are likely to be indebted to George Steiner for his powerful discussion of the work of Sylvia Plath ("Dying Is an Art," *The Reporter,* October 7). Mr. Steiner has probably judged her poems well in spite of the obstacles he has himself noted. It is revealing to learn that her years were "harried by bouts of physical pain"; her identification with concentration-camp victims in the last poems thereby seems all the more understandable. And in spite of Mr. Steiner's doubts, it seems justifiable for poets to invoke "the echoes and trappings of Auschwitz"—provided they emerge with poetry.

There is one passage in the review, however, which seems to invite critical response. I refer to the statement that Mrs. Plath, along with other contemporary writers, has been instrumental in countering "the general *obscenity of forgetting the death camps*" (my italics). Since the holocaust may itself be described as an obscenity, the act of forgetting this incident may not be unnatural, especially on the part of those uninvolved, although it may be unwise and regrettable.

Apart from sheer morbidity value, the need to remember seems to lie chiefly in the need to prevent repetition. In any event, while the healthy conscience, whether of poets or non-poets, is not ordinarily likely to forget this and other crimes against humanity, those who may have difficulty remembering even upon being reminded can still not be said to be participating in an obscenity.

DAVID LAWSON
New York City

CRESCANT ARTES

To the Editor: It was a pleasure to read Henry Pleasants' perceptive and informative "Crescendo on the Campus: Our New Music Centers" (*The Reporter,* September 23), and to applaud and endorse his observations that the universities in our country have indeed become "the courts of the twentieth century." Here in Bloomington, I am indeed happy and proud to be a member of the piano faculty and, under Dean Wilfred C. Bain's distinguished leadership, be a part of the consistent growth of an outstanding regional center of the performing arts with its healthy impact on the decentralization of the professional arts in the U.S.A.

JOSEPH BATTISTA
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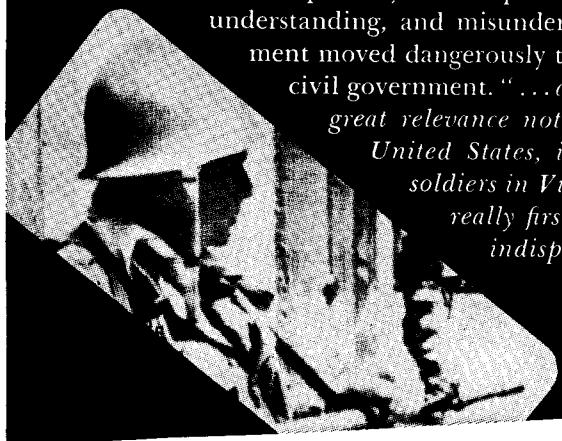

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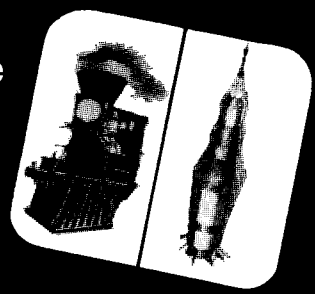

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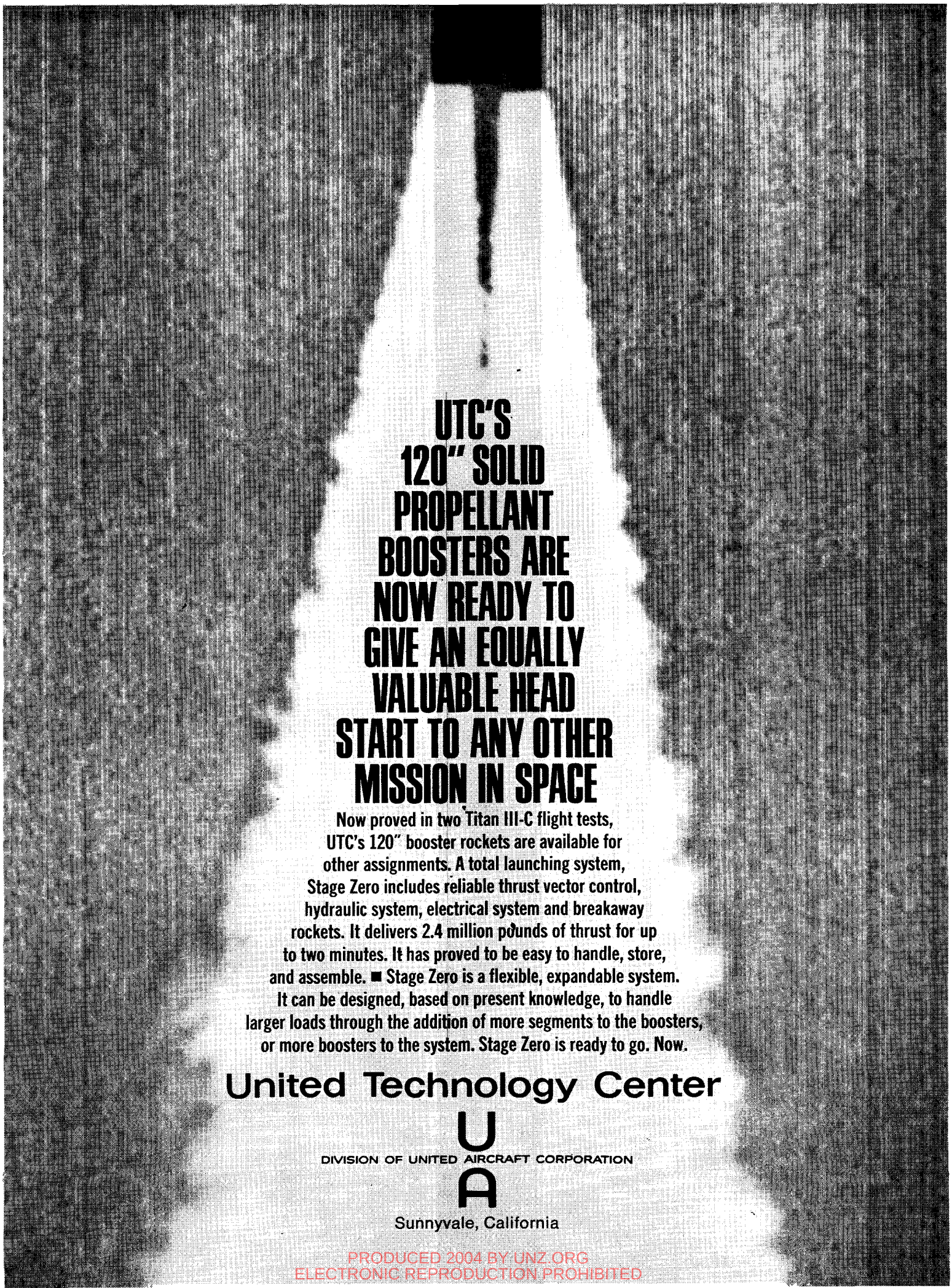

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The New York Election

When, in 1904, *The Shame of the Cities*, by Lincoln Steffens, was published, it was clear that with all the hyperbolic dark romanticism of the muckraking era, what that memorable book had described was fundamentally true. In fact, it had been even truer decades before, during the heyday of the Tammany machine when gigantic robberies were committed that could be stopped only by gigantic efforts of moral exposure on the part of a few fearless accusers. The Lincoln Steffens book perhaps marked a turning point: a decline both of open plunder and of vengeful virtue in the conduct of city affairs.

In some metropolises like St. Louis and Boston, the old habits of a personal government prompted by profit proved difficult to eradicate, though its practitioners could never be quite free of the fear that the popularized technique of a Steffens would catch up with them. New York was the most fortunate of all the nation's metropolises: after years of milder and colorful mismanagement, it was ruled for more than a decade by an erratic, supremely conscientious, and fanatically honest man, Fiorello La Guardia.

Yet New York City, which in the three hundred years of its history has known the two absolute extremes of civic corruption and civic integrity, seems to be strangely bewildered and, it is said, largely unconcerned when a mayoralty election is due. Perhaps too many interests, nationwide and worldwide in scope, have their pied-à-terre in New York but are scarcely identified with the city. Perhaps the difference between Wall Street and Park Avenue on the one side, Harlem on the other, and Flatbush Avenue and Queens Boulevard in between, is of a continental nature, as the unfortunate candidates for public office—city-wide or national—know when they have to gallop from the superdeveloped to the underdeveloped parts of this world which is New York.

In spite of all these differences and because of them, New York is the one city which is the image of the nation. It has not yet found its institutional structure, which also means that the other metropolises of the country have not yet found theirs. It cannot be ruled by a huge, ever-expanding bureaucratic apparatus, and it cannot be satisfied by administrations whose major claim to adequacy is their difference from the old-time pirates of the Tammany era and the ebullience of the Little Flower.

New York needs as mayor a man of national stature, young and ambitious and vigorous enough to start resetting its institutions according to the new dimensions of population and power the city has acquired. This is why *The Reporter*, a national magazine which has in New York only a little over ten per cent of its circulation, supports the candidacy of John V. Lindsay for mayor.

—M.A.

Short Circuit

MR. CONABLE. *Mr. Speaker . . . it seems to me that we must give more consideration to those who visit the public galleries to attend the sessions of Congress . . . A great improvement could be made by glassing in the galleries and installing a multicourse earphone set at each seat . . . a current commentary could be made by a trained observer who could report the significance of what is going on . . .*

—Congressional Record, Oct. 11.

—Good afternoon, folks. This is your multicourse earphone. For those of you who may have been wondering what is going on, you are witnessing a session of the House of Representatives, the lower body of Congress, which has 435 members, six of whom are present at this time. The gentleman from Iowa has just suggested the absence of a quorum, and accordingly, the quorum bells are now ringing throughout the nearby office buildings and down the street at the Rotunda restaurant and bar. The quorum call signals the end of the daily period that is set aside so that members will have a chance to announce 4-H Club awards in their home districts and to deny whatever may have appeared about them in Drew Pearson's morning column.

As the members are filing in, it may be useful to review the parliamentary situation as the House enters the twenty-third day of debate on the administration-backed bill to extend the Foreign Assistance Act of 1965. Technically, this is still the same legislative day on which debate was begun under a one-day, four-minute rule that was unanimously open-ended under the familiar first and third Monday procedure. The parliamentarian has ruled that the pending business is still the Foreign Assistance Act although the legislation has been substantially altered with the deletion of the enactment clause last Tuesday and the success of last evening's surprise move to substitute the Kohlbaum amendment which deletes the rest of the measure with a noncontroversial bill increasing the members' stationery allowance. Experienced observers are generally agreed that this was a setback for administration forces who have been working feverishly on an acceptable compromise bill.

THE PARLIAMENTARY question now is whether that compromise can be introduced from the floor, since the Speaker has recognized, under a four-hour, six-minute rule, the proponents of the Graffel rider to the Kohlbaum substitute for the admin-

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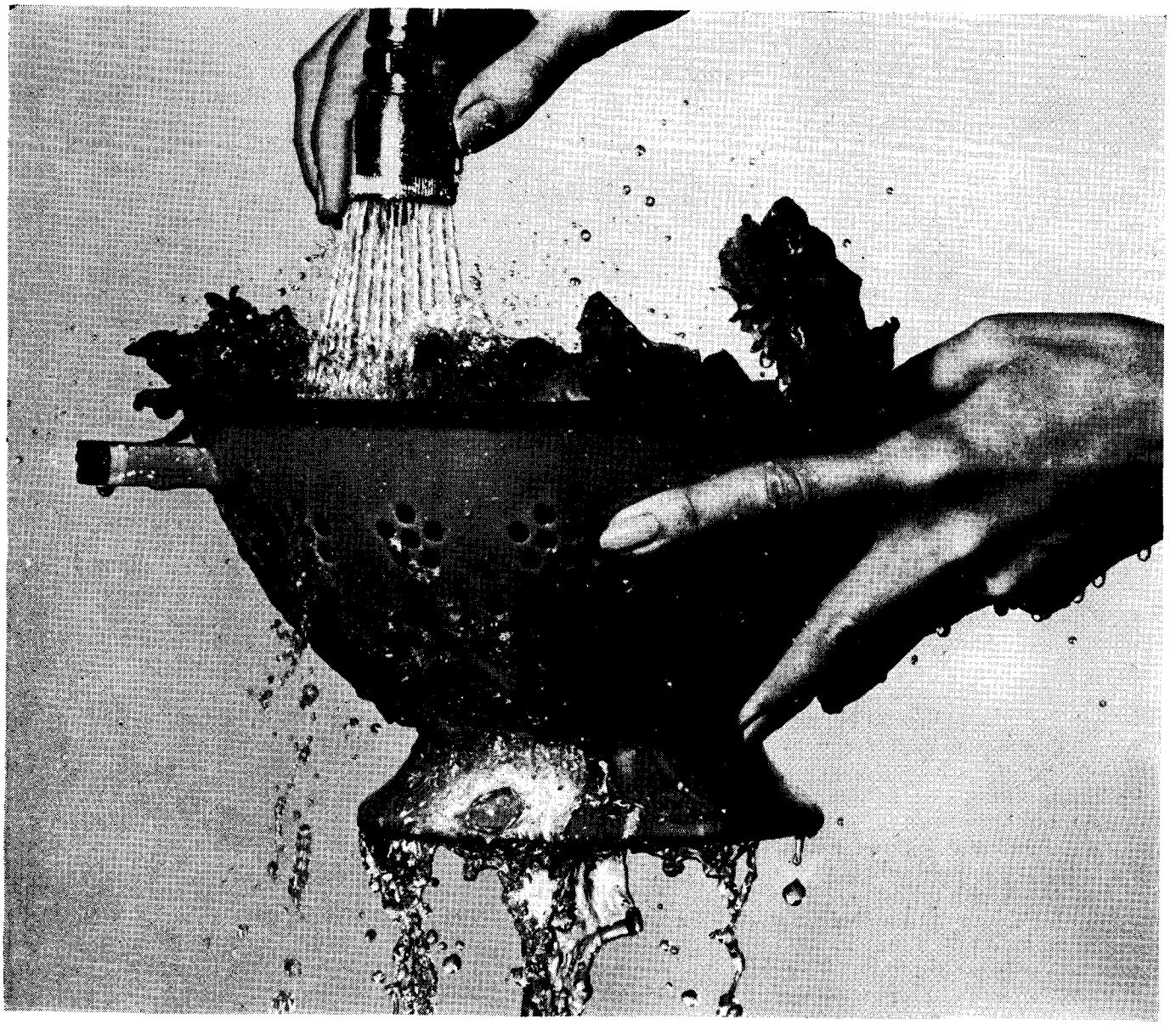

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istration amendment. The Graffel rider, which provides for automatic cancellation of the poverty program in the event that Communist China is admitted to the United Nations, is believed to have widespread bipartisan support. It was made a condition of passage of the foreign assistance-personal stationery bill at a meeting of the Republican Policy Committee this morning. If behind-the-scenes administration efforts have been successful, the proponents of the Graffel rider are expected to move to strike the enactment and all other clauses from their bill and to substitute a watered-down version, said to be acceptable to the White House, whereby Congress would be given 190 days notice of the General Assembly's plans, and the cancellation of the poverty program would only occur if the President should decide that it was in the national interest.

It is not clear, however, whether the parliamentarian will advise the speaker to recognize Representative Graffel, since, in an unexpected countermove, a caucus of Northern Democrats reintroduced the original administration measure in the Odds and Ends Committee and, in spite of the chairman's opposition, are seeking to bring it to the floor under the Insurrection Friday procedure, which permits a majority of committee members to override their chairman on the second legislative Friday of even-numbered months. Congressional analysts have pointed out, however, that this rarely-invoked procedure, which requires a four-fifths vote on the floor and ratification by the states, has not been successfully used to circumvent a committee chairman since 1873.

That is the parliamentary situation in which the House finds itself today, folks. If you were looking down toward the well of the chamber in the past few minutes you would have observed that the parliamentarian, the Speaker, the Minority Leader and Representatives Graffel and Kohlbaum were conferring on the next procedural step. The Speaker is now gaveling for order and in a moment we will know how the problem has been resolved.

Folks, Congress has just adjourned.

Canada's Quiet Crisis

With the usual minimum of fanfare and a general submersion of issues, Canada's voters will go to the polls on November 8 for their third national election in four years. The main purpose of the election is Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson's attempt to gain a majority in the House of Commons for his governing but minority Liberal Party. (When he dissolved the House in September, the Liberals held 127 seats, six short of a majority, the Conservatives 92, and the rest were scattered among minority parties.) In the absence of real debate, the nation's news media have been quick to focus on what promises to be the last electoral battle between the sixty-eight-year-old Pearson—who has lately begun to act more like a politician than a diplomat—and his seventy-year-old Conservative adversary, former Prime Minister John G. Diefenbaker.

But the underlying issue of the campaign was best exemplified in an incident that occurred just about the time Pearson was going on nationwide television to call for the election. Premier Jean Lesage of Quebec Province, who ranks second to Pearson in the Liberal Party, started a tour of English-speaking Canada to stress his province's demand for more autonomy. Speaking before the Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, board of trade, he stated his argument: "Quebec wants not only to be different, but that her right to be different be recognized."

What is really at stake in this election is the survival and direction of Canadian federalism. The quiet crisis in Canada is not so much the possible secession of predominantly French-speaking Quebec as the possible breakdown of the federal system. Pearson and Lesage do not disagree entirely. Rather, Pearson is seeking a mandate to give further recognition to the "French Fact" without allowing Quebec to control the reshaping of the Canadian Confederation.

Because most of the French-speaking third of Canada is concentrated in only one of the ten provinces, what they want for Quebec has serious implications for governmental powers in a federal system that has always given more to the provinces than U.S. federalism has given to the states. Quebec's pressure on the Liberals has brought about a trend toward decentralization and has increasingly undermined the idea of a strong central authority that alone can give Canada the direction it needs.

The Pearson government fully recognizes bilingualism and biculturalism, but Quebec politicians talk in terms of binationalism. They see Quebec as one Canadian nation and the nine predominately English-speaking provinces as the other. They envision the federal government as an undetermined but weak quantity, limited mainly to responsibility for defense, most but not all foreign relations, fiscal matters, and trade.

Pearson is faced with the problem of continuing to ease the way for Quebec's aspirations without giving the French the whip hand in determining the assignment of federal and provincial powers. Since Diefenbaker still seems to be the favorite of the prairie provinces, Pearson, to gain the majority, must win almost all of Quebec's seventy-five seats. But the more he exploits the Liberals' current position as the one truly all-Canada party, the less chance he has of coming up with a majority government.

Ars Longa, Skirts Brevis

As a footnote to our recent article by Henry Pleasants on the state of the arts in America, here is an item we spotted recently in the New York *Times:* "The Opera Guild of Greater Miami is offering a $1,000 award to an American composer for a one-act opera based on Girl Scout activities." We hope that Samuel Barber, Gian-Carlo Menotti, et al. have taken note and we would like to offer our services as librettist. As we see it, the scene opens on a gypsy—that is Girl Scout—campfire with Juliette Gordon Low in an Azucena costume circling in the flickering light, chanting a recipe for brownies, while a green-clad chorus beats out Father's Day ashtrays on the anvils, and . . . .

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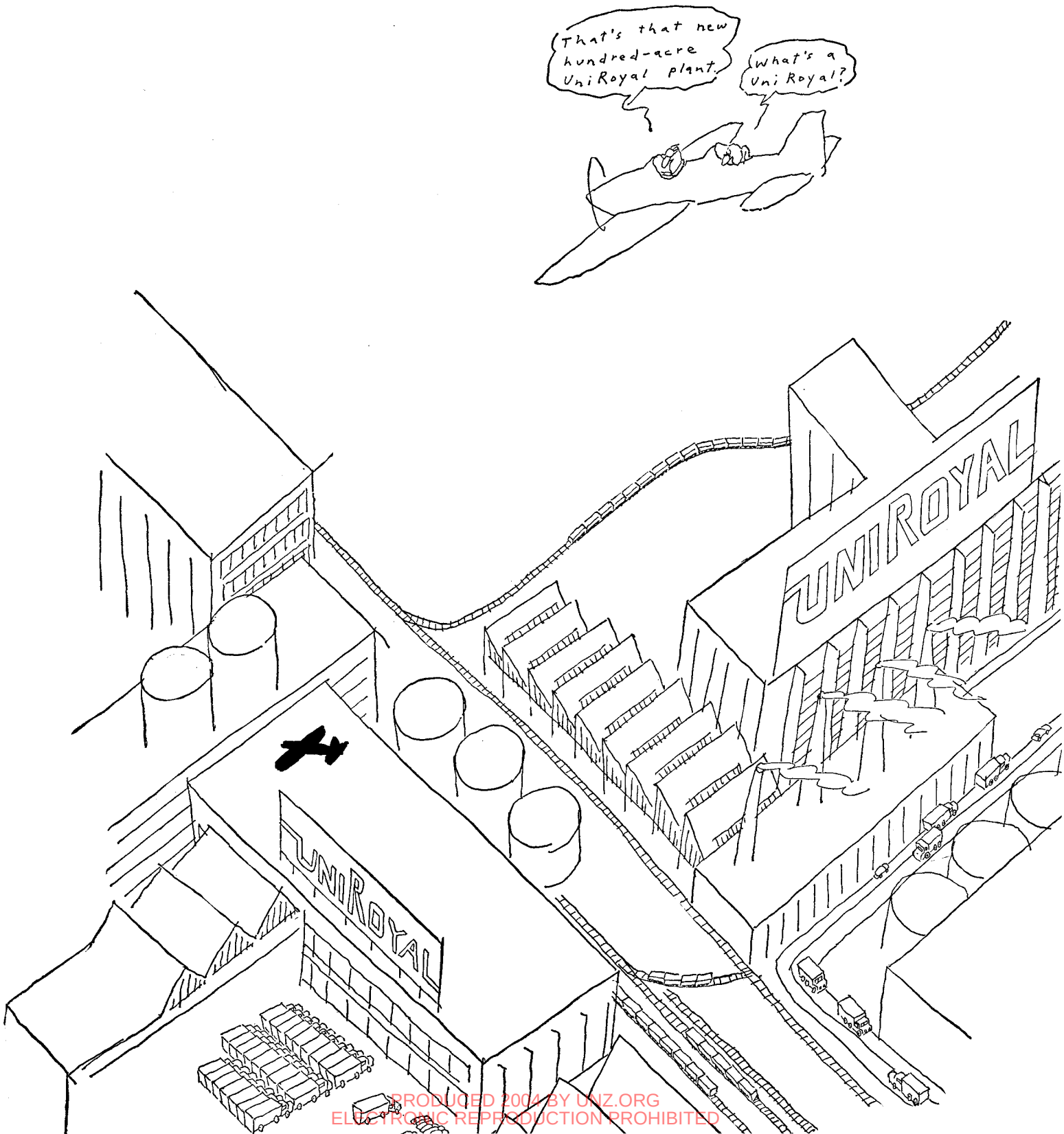

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Under the Berlin Wall

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

THE THIRD ROUND of negotiations to enable West Berliners to visit their relatives in East Berlin on major holidays and for compassionate reasons has all but broken down. Ostensibly the reason for the latest impasse is the demand of the East German régime that the negotiator chosen by the West Berlin senate —which, because of the Federal Republic's non-recognition of the East German government, acts as agent in these matters—sign an interim agreement valid only until January 29. The senate's negotiator, more or less in concert with the Federal Republic, insists that the agreement be for the usual full year; the Communists are demanding a period of probation before they will consider signing another long-term agreement. As formulated in the joint communiqué issued at the conclusion of the recent visit of the East German delegation in Moscow, the Communists call for an end to "all provocations against the state border of the German Democratic Republic [i.e., the Wall] from West Berlin." In effect, the Communists are giving the West Germans a last chance to demonstrate strict observance of the so-called "good conduct clause," the term applied to Article 7 of the pass agreement which specifies that neither party "will undertake any action contrary to the spirit of the agreement." As far as the East German régime is concerned, the clause pertains chiefly to the rendering of assistance from West Berlin to escapees from East Germany. Despite the Wall, the flow of refugees is still a major concern for East Germany.

From the construction of the Wall in August, 1961, to the end of 1964, more than twenty-three thousand East Germans escaped to the West across all borders—nearly thirty-five hundred, including 433 uniformed guards, by way of the Berlin Wall. But with the steady reinforcement of security measures along the Wall, escape has become increasingly difficult and dangerous, while escape attempts have become more ingenious. In consequence, the number of *Sperrbrecher* ("barricade breakers"), as they are now called—those who come via the Wall or run the obstacle course of mine fields and barbed wire dividing West and East Germany—is slowly declining. In 1963 the total number of "barricade breakers" was 3,692;

in 1964 it was 3,155; this year, despite a considerable increase in the last three months, the total will probably fall short of three thousand. Of these about half have made their escape into West Berlin, and at least half of the barricade breaking in Berlin is done from the west.

The Escape Spectaculars

What the Communists have gained by reducing the number of refugees, they have lost through the propaganda value to the West of spectacular escapes. For example, the one fairly sure method of escape that remains involves either stealing or obtaining by ruse the passports of visitors to East Germany, leaving the hapless victims to report their plight to the East German authorities and take the consequences. The East Germans are in a dilemma since it is often difficult to distinguish between mere victimization and active participation in an escape scheme. There are at present 155 Germans and foreign nationals from West Berlin under sentence or awaiting trial as "escape helpers" in East Germany.

Easily the most elaborate case of entrapment was that of a twenty-seven-year-old refugee who settled in Hamburg, courted a young lady, and, after their engagement had been announced, persuaded her to accompany him on a visit to East Berlin. Once there he took her passport on some pretext and disappeared. He then brought out his East German wife with his "fiancée's" passport. He had spent months in selecting a candidate who fitted his wife's description so as to pass muster at the exit control point. Indeed, in the ensuing trial in Hamburg, it developed that the victim was his second, more careful choice. Several months earlier he had entered East Berlin with another candidate only to discover at the last moment that her eyes were the wrong color. Rather than risk discovery, he returned with his "fiancée" to Hamburg, broke with her, and started again.

Generally, because of the relatively large numbers of refugees involved, the most spectacular and elaborate means of escape from West Berlin is the tunnel. Increasing security measures by the East have necessitated longer and more costly tunnels—the cost of a tunnel one hundred meters or more long is likely to be at least twenty thousand dollars. The tunnel diggers were therefore forced to abandon their amateur standing and to turn to public sources, particularly the press, for money. Another main consideration in such transactions was to publicize the operation as a means of bringing the plight of Berlin to world attention. The NBC Tunnel, so called because the diggers

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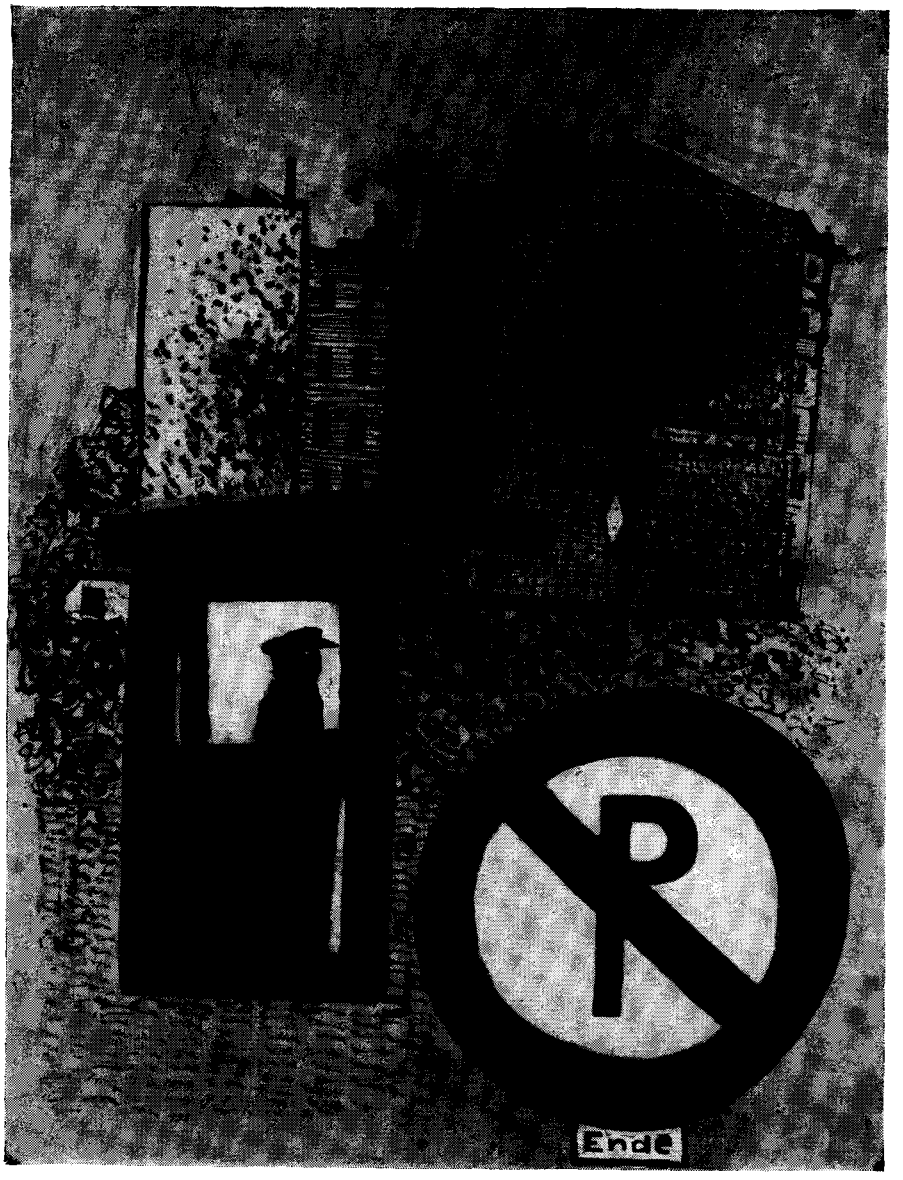
sold the exclusive rights to the story to the National Broadcasting Company, which won the Emmy Award for 1962-3 with its documentary of the escape, brought the diggers the necessary funds but also a good deal of scandal: there were charges and countercharges among the various members of the tunnel team over apportionment of the money paid by the network.



IN THE FIRST two years after the Wall, the diggers were widely hailed as "pumpernickel Pimpernels," humanitarians undergoing the ordeal of tunnel work and risking life and freedom to help their brothers in the Soviet Zone. This favorable atmosphere has since changed radically. A case history that demonstrates the development of the change in relations between escape helpers, officialdom, and public is provided by Wolfgang Fuchs, the best-known and most controversial tunnel-team leader and "exfiltration" expert in West Berlin. Fuchs, now twenty-six, escaped with his wife and child to West Berlin in 1962 and stayed on to help his relatives and friends make their escape. But persistence in aiding escapees inevitably leads to political involvement. To complicate matters, Fuchs is an idealist. When Mayor Willy Brandt and the West Berlin senate decided to commemorate the third anniversary of the Wall with an hour of silence (in order to minimize the danger of violent demonstrations), a great many Berliners—including not a few Social Democrats—took exception to the idea. Fuchs and his friends protested the senate's decision by painting slogans on the west side of the Wall such as "Silence? Not Even for an Hour!" and "One Hour of All-German Sleep!" When they returned to the locations later the same day they witnessed the spectacle of West Berlin police scrubbing the Wall clean.

In a letter to Brandt, Fuchs protested "the protection of the Wall from the west," citing several occasions when he and his friends had been prevented by West Berlin police from approaching the Wall and even from cutting an escape hole in the barbed wire on the grounds that it would constitute "the willful destruction of property—even if it was the property of the German Democratic Republic." Fuchs asked: Has the West Berlin police the legal right to hinder persons approaching the Wall, whether it be to carry out propaganda actions or to render assistance to escapees?

'Recognizing' the Wall

Not that all senate officials or all borough councils were or are of one mind on the subject, but the original pass negotiations of December, 1963, proved to be the pivotal point in the change of the official West Berlin attitude toward exfiltration. This was necessarily so, since when the senate entered negotiations with the East German régime it was, in effect, playing a double game—arranging for authorized visits from west to east while supporting clandestine movement from east to west. The two policies are essentially incompatible.

In the conclusion of his letter to Brandt, Fuchs stated that he was visited by a senate official at the end of 1963 and told to postpone completion of a tunnel at least until January 5 so as not to prejudice the pass negotiations then in progress. Fuchs said that he was threatened with expulsion from Berlin and with closure of the tunnel if he refused to comply, and the senate's intervention a few days before the final breakthrough all but ruined the operation. The tunnel was being built to issue into a coalyard in East Berlin. The main consideration was that the coalyard would remain vacant and unattended over the Christmas and New Year's

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holidays, which ended January 2. To delay until January 5 was to risk immediate detection. But Fuchs was forced to delay. In the event, only three of the sixty East Germans alerted and waiting managed to escape through the tunnel before it was detected. In his protest Fuchs contended that senate intervention in this case was tantamount to the denial of the right of asylum.

To be sure, free movement within Greater Berlin is guaranteed by the Four Power Statute as well as the city's constitution; but in signing the pass agreement the senate made itself a party to an instrument predicating the abrogation of the Four Power Statute and the right of freedom of movement. Moreover, for the East German régime, the pass agreement was a long step toward its goal of establishing the Wall as a legally recognized state border.

More important than the juridical implications of the original and subsequent pass agreements has been the psychological effect, particularly among the youth of the city, of setting an example and standard of general conduct in the Berlin situation. In the last year, the authorities have become alarmed over the development of leftist and outright Communist influences in the student organizations of the Free University of Berlin. This development has been fostered by the dearth of East German students since the Wall, a decrease from forty per cent to eight per cent, and by a strong increase in West German students who have come to Berlin to avoid being drafted into the West German Army. (Berliners are exempt from the draft.) But it was basically determined by the pass agreement itself, the spirit of which is largely if not wholly incompatible with the spirit of rebellion against totalitarianism, in which the Free University was founded. When the mayor and the senate reached an official program of accommodation with the Communists—the policy of small steps—public officials and organizations could do little but follow suit. So runs the argument. The result is a society that is no longer geared or conditioned to support a resistance movement.

The senate's new policy of increasingly close control of escape efforts received strong impetus from the public outcry that followed the completion of Fuchs's "Tunnel 57." The breakthrough of Tunnel 57 into East Berlin occurred early in October, 1964, just before the fifteenth anniversary of the East German régime. Fifty-seven refugees were brought out through the tunnel before it was discovered by East German police, one of whom was shot dead in the ensuing gun fight with the diggers guarding the tunnel's eastern end. The sergeant had to be given a state funeral, and a hate campaign was mounted against the West Berlin "gangsters and murderers." The régime's scheduled anniversary celebrations were ruined.

The Tunnel 57 incident was also prejudiced by the scope and nature of the financial transactions surrounding it. Three enterprising German journalists obligingly relieved the diggers of the time-consuming burden of public relations. Germany's largest illustrated magazine, *Stern*, contracted to pay $5,000 for the exclusive rights to the story. Three-quarters of this sum was paid by way of advances and options; the fourth quarter was never paid because *Stern's* editor recoiled from the adverse publicity attendant on the policeman's death. *Paris-Match* paid $2,000 for the French rights, and *Life* $4,000 for the American rights. The London *Daily Mail* bought the British rights for $1,400 and the Associated Press and United Press International paid $370 apiece for several pictures of refugees crawling through the tunnel. Finally, the digger who fired the shots at the mouth of the tunnel sold his story (over the protests of Fuchs and the tunnel team) to the German illustrated *Quick*, the chief competitor of *Stern*, under the title "I Killed the Vopo." There followed a sordid squabble over alleged breaches of contract for coverage rights among various journalists involved in the transactions.

All this drew public charges of flagrant venality, not against the journalists, some of whom profited heavily as middlemen, but against the tunnel diggers in particular and all "commercial escape helpers" in general. Indeed, there is now a striking similarity in the treatment of "the dirty business" of escape assistance by the East German Communist press and an important segment of the West German-West Berlin press. A preliminary investigation on the charge of manslaughter was initiated against "Unknown" by the West Berlin attorney general's office. A good deal of sympathy was generated for the dead East German policeman, while the tunnel diggers were characterized as armed thugs by two West German publications, *Die Zeitung* of Stuttgart and *Die Zeit* of Hamburg.

Heroes or Criminals?

These and like charges led to widespread public discussion of the legal nature of the Wall itself. Such discussions usually end with agreement that the Wall is, in effect, a No Man's Land, a strip outside the law separating two essentially opposite and opposing political and juridical systems. The contradictions are nowhere more striking than in the case of the refugees, who under East German law are not refugees but fugitives. When the East Germans made "flight from the Republic" illegal in 1957, escaping was raised from a misdemeanor, for which the culprit was often released with a warning, to a felony, for which the maximum penalty is three years' imprisonment, first offenders usually receiving an eighteen-month sentence. At the same time, escape assistance was also made illegal and punishable by a maximum sentence of ten years' imprisonment. The Communists frequently attempt to reinforce this concept by trying to show that individual refugees are guilty of common crimes and are fugitives from justice.

There are no refugees from west

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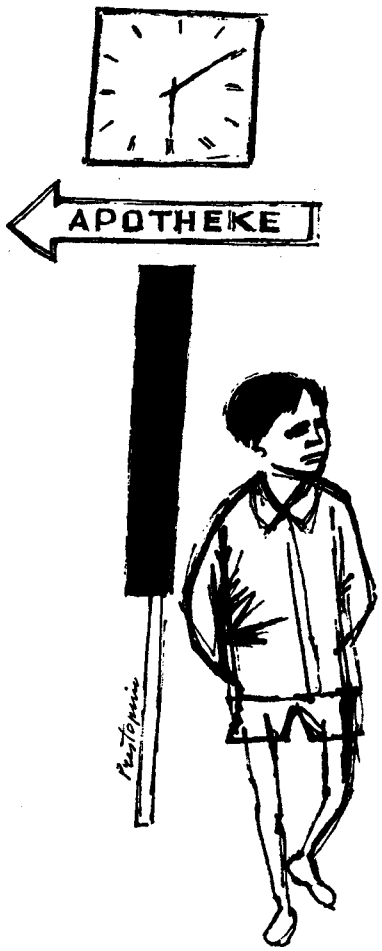
to east because, among other things, there is no federal law prohibiting change of residence from West to East Germany. There is a federal law against "deprivation of freedom," which covers preventing a refugee from carrying out his intention to flee. The essential conflict of East and West German laws governing escapes was illustrated recently when a young East German woman stowed away on an East German barge and jumped into the canal while the barge traversed West Berlin. Before she managed to do so, the barge captain, his wife, and the tug captain had tried to detain her forcibly. The West Berlin police boarded the craft and took all three East Germans into custody on the charge of "deprivation of freedom." They were soon released, the West Berlin authorities recognizing that had the East Germans not tried to stop the woman they would have been liable to prosecution under East German law "for aiding and abetting flight from the Republic." In this and many other instances, an act of heroism in West Germany is a crime in East Germany, and vice versa.

Even so, discussions of the Wall usually end with a condemnation of violence in the service of any cause. This conclusion generally militates against the escape helpers, who actively undermine the status quo, using force if necessary, rather than against the East German border police, who are charged with protecting the status quo, by force if necessary. The judicial investigation of the charge of manslaughter in the Tunnel 57 case was blocked for lack of evidence: the East German authorities refused to provide the West Berlin Justice Department with the results of the autopsy on the policeman, a departure from established practice that suggested that the sergeant might have been accidentally killed by East German machine-gun fire rather than by the five pistol shots fired by the tunnel digger.

THE MOST PERSISTENT charge leveled against the tunnel diggers was that they exacted exorbitant advance fees from the refugees, allegedly as much as $1,500 to $2,000 a head. *Die Zeitung* claimed that the diggers had received at least $80,000 from the refugees of Tunnel 57. These and like charges were vehemently denied by Fuchs and his colleagues, who obtained affidavits from all the refugees of Tunnel 57 to the effect that no payment whatever had been asked or made. Fuchs brought libel suits against both *Die Zeitung* and *Die Zeit* and won a half retraction from the latter. In the end, Fuchs was persuaded by his lawyer to drop his suit for lack of funds and public interest.

Since the Tunnel 57 episode, the West Berlin police have watched Fuchs closely and have generally



frustrated his attempts to mount operations, often alleging Allied disapproval. At the end of September, Fuchs engineered the escape of a young man from an East German graveyard abutting the Wall. The refugee, who had managed by forged documents to obtain permission to visit the grave of an ostensible relative, was to be hoisted over the Wall by a mobile construction crane Fuchs had hired for the purpose. However, the West Berlin police ordered the owner to remove the crane, saying that its presence near the Wall was in violation of a traffic ordinance. Fuchs finally brought out the refugee by substituting a truck and ladder and using the Wall itself as a fulcrum. The entire operation lasted ten seconds and was photographed and published in *Stern*. It was also covered by a TV-newsreel team.

In three years Fuchs has brought out more than 140 refugees. He has built tunnels, three of which were successful, and mounted a wide variety of small operations involving one or two refugees at a time. In a sense Fuchs is a throwback, a Social Democrat of the Ernst Reuter school, who believes, as the late mayor of West Berlin did, that Berlin is a western asset, "a harpoon in the Communist whale." Fuchs, engraver by trade and agitator by nature, has become possessed by the idea of making the Wall the overriding issue in German political life. In breaching the Wall, he has displayed considerable brilliance as a tactician with a gift for improvisation. His answer to the cement-lined retaining ditch, ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide, which the Communists are already building around West Berlin—when completed in 1970, the ditch will extend one hundred miles—is that the project is as stupid as the Maginot Line. "The more complicated the Wall becomes," says Fuchs, "the more opportunities for escape it will offer." This dictum of course presupposes both the expansion and intensification of escape assistance and hence, ultimately, the reactivation of Reuter's anti-Communist crusade. Fuchs's purpose thus runs counter to present Social Democratic policy in Berlin.

Still, Fuchs has by no means taken the field against all flags. One month after the completion of Tunnel 57, Fuchs and his wife were invited by the German-Italian Friendship Society to make a three-week lecture tour of Italy, where he was feted as a hero. Last March he repeated the tour, and this time all the expenses were paid by the Federal Press Office in Bonn, i.e., with the approval of the Christian Democratic coalition. It is significant that the great bulk of general support for Fuchs and his group has come from the conservative elements in Berlin: two-thirds of the funds needed to build Tunnel 57 came from the Berlin headquarters

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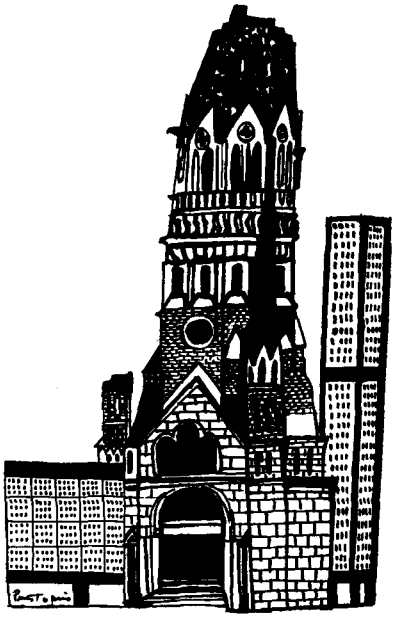
of the opposition Christian Democratic Union; the ruling Social Democratic Party's contribution was two shovels. Fuchs insists passionately that Germans must not passively accept Communist tyranny as they once accepted fascist tyranny: "We would be making the same mistake our fathers made—despite the warning of their example." The Left's interpretation is exactly opposite. Peter Fechter, the young East German who was shot by Communist guards and bled to death in the No Man's Land along the Wall in 1962 and whose death sparked the one and only anti-American riot in West Berlin, is currently being characterized in a West Berlin cabaret as a neo-Nazi martyr because his death has allegedly been seized upon "as a nationalist fetish."

Bartering in Flesh

The Wall has put the East German régime into a position to blackmail the Berlin senate and with it, by logical progression, the Federal Republic. The effectiveness of the blackmail was increased by the fact that the division of a city, the most highly developed sociological organism of which civilization is capable, is a much more brutal thing than the division of a country. Germany suffers both. The Wall forced the pass agreement. The pass agreement lent the Wall a quasi legitimacy and thus rendered it doubly provocative, with the property of inciting at once to acceptance and rebellion, splitting the West Berlin-West German body politic and public, and driving the two halves toward opposite extremes.

On the one hand, in response to increasing security measures along the Wall, exfiltration attempts have necessarily taken on the nature of paramilitary operations; on the other, local official response has been to cordon off the Wall from the west in compliance with the senate's policy of negotiated and controlled transit. The East German régime has sought to play off the two extremes of western response against each other. In so doing, it has demonstrated a venality peculiar to itself, ransoming captured escape agents for political, propagandist, economic, and even diplomatic gains—as when it released two Swiss nationals in return for entry permits for their delegates to attend the recent Geneva conference on nonproliferation of nuclear weapons.

The history of the ransoming of political prisoners by the East German régime began in 1958, when the Ministry of All-German Affairs in Bonn agreed to prorate economic contribution at an average of ten thousand dollars in luxury goods (coffee, chocolate, tobacco, etc.) per head. The volume of exchange increased sharply after the construction of the Wall.



The régime had repeatedly stipulated and has been promised—most recently by Vice-Chancellor and Minister of All-German Affairs Erich Mende, who broke precedent by meeting with the East German negotiator personally—that the transaction would be kept absolutely secret. However, the Berlin newspaper *Tagesspiegel* broke the story in October of 1964 when the East Germans tried to make a particularly large exchange within the scope of the much-publicized amnesty of ten thousand prisoners, who incidentally were desperately needed for the labor force. The story had, of course, long since been known to reporters through returnees from the East, even though all of them are thoroughly indoctrinated by both East and West German officials that divulgence on their part would seal the fate of those political prisoners still in Eastern custody. When, later, Mende publicly assumed credit for the action, the East German Communists, in retaliation, discontinued the exchange for several months. Early this year, however, it was resumed. In the last two years more than 2,300 political prisoners have been "bought free" from the East Zone by the Federal Republic. A great many others have been "bought free" to remain in East Germany by church and private organizations and families. Since the practice was initiated, probably as much as $50 million has been paid out by the Bonn government for this purpose. There is no telling how much has been paid by nongovernmental organizations and private individuals.

THE RATIONALE of both parties to the transaction is a study in itself. The East German régime acts for economic reasons, for immediate political gain, to relieve congestion in its prisons, and to increase the range of its official contacts with the Federal Republic. The Federal Republic indulges in the practice for obvious humanitarian reasons, out of a *nouveau riche* sense of guilt ("We have so much money—to what better use could we put it?"), and in the calculation that the release of prisoners on a straight commercial basis will discredit the régime in the eyes of its followers. A more abstract consideration is what is widely referred to here as "the national concern," the conviction that in the face of Allied noninvolvement, an increased range of official contacts for a humanitarian purpose is the best possible substitute for reunification.

The transactions are initiated by means of lists, one containing the names of those whose release the West is especially interested in obtaining, the other containing the names of those whom the East is most willing to release. A composite list is then negotiated. The results of this method have never been wholly satisfactory. The East has never fully complied wth the agreed list but has nevertheless made a number of mistakes in its selection of "releasable" prisoners, one of whom gave his story to *Die Zeit*. A former official in the East German Ministry of Justice, he had gone to the prison in Bautzen to investigate charges that prisoners had been sentenced without due process of law. When he discovered that the charges were true and said so, he himself was sentenced

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(without due process) and had spent fourteen years in Bautzen at the time of his release. Individuals seeking the release of relatives or friends are blackmailed into silence with the usual threat of heavier sentences for other hostages. On the other hand, West German officials strongly suspect that harsh sentences are deliberately imposed in order to raise the price of prisoners in a forthcoming exchange.

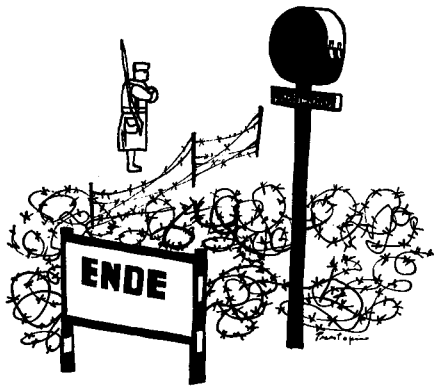
The underlying attitude of both private and official buyers is paradoxical. They have no compunction whatever about entering into negotiations with what they consider as little better than a highly organized band of kidnappers: in short, the West Germans are content to make economic concessions in order to avoid making political concessions. If they considered the East German régime a legitimate sovereign state, their German sense of propriety would forestall any such dealings and prompt them to denounce the régime. The effect of the transaction on East German prisoners who are released to remain in East Germany is even more significant. Out of resignation, many of them and their relatives and friends had come to accept the Communists on their own terms. Their release by purchase often awakens them to the realization that the régime is not even consistent within its own terms. In most such cases resistance is then reborn with a vengeance. This is a main element in the formula for defection. There are other elements. Why does an ideological régime, purportedly enjoying an economic upswing, stoop to the sale of political prisoners?

The Declining Economy

In the last year East German industrial production has increased almost according to plan, but the export program has lagged badly (only a four per cent increase in general and less than four per cent in industrial machines). The régime has never taken more than twenty per cent of the national income for capital investment because of the living standard set by the Federal Republic. Last year it was 19.6 per cent. This year, however, it will be increased to twenty-seven per cent. For this reason alone the living standard in East Germany will not rise appreciably: it simply cannot in the face of the state's confiscatory investment in expanding its industrial plant expansion. This explains in large part the still unrelieved shabbiness of East Berlin, which, despite considerable new construction, looks like a West German city circa 1949.

East Germany is predominantly dependent on the Soviet Union for raw materials: more than fifty per cent of its trade is barter with the Soviet Union. In order to have something to barter with, everything depends on the success of the export drive, which is necessarily coupled with the drive for diplomatic recognition. To this end, East Germany has granted a hundred million dollars in aid to the United Arab Republic. The danger of the Soviet Union's cutting back on its exports of raw material to East Germany further heightens the necessity for export. In addition, because of its chronically ailing agriculture, the régime was forced to spend $15 million to import foodstuffs from the United States.

There is evidence that the régime is out to make a short-term gain at a considerable long-term risk: its export drive is failing because the quality of East German products is poor; in the interest of expansion, it is falling into the Czech fallacy of



neglecting to retool and modernize industry while selling dross to Africans within the framework of aid programs. Since the population cannot benefit from this expansion, the régime must gamble on keeping it quiet by other means, specifically by normalization of the Wall, more specifically by the prevention of escapes, and most specifically by securing the West Berlin senate's co-operation in quashing exfiltration attempts from the west. For this combination of reasons, the present pass negotiations are crucial for the East German régime. They are hardly less crucial for West Germany.

ONE THING is certain: the negotiations for a pass agreement cannot be broken off. The thing has been done, and done badly for the West. Because the Social Democratic administration in Berlin, headed by Willy Brandt, saw the issue as a golden opportunity to seize the initiative in all-German policy, the negotiations have gotten away from federal influence. The Berlin Social Democrats could do this because the erratic and bumbling Free Democratic Party was the junior partner in both coalitions: in the Federal Republic with the Christian Democrats and in Berlin with the Social Democrats, making it the essential political link between West Berlin and the Federal government. The added fact that the leader of the FDP, Erich Mende, was given the Ministry of All-German Affairs in addition to the vice-chancellorship put him into a pivotal position, with power out of all proportion to his political stature and abilities. The upshot was that the smallest German political party was firmly entrenched in a ministry that has come to be second in importance only to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The last-minute crisis between the CDU and the FDP over Mende's ministry in the negotiations to form a government after the recent national elections was inevitable because it had become essential for the Christian Democrats to retrieve the All-German Ministry and the means of making and co-ordinating all-German policy. Since the pass negotiations have virtually become the focal point of all-German policy, everything depends on how the negotiations are conducted, and by whom.

The relation of the two Berlins reflects on a somewhat smaller scale what is happening—and is bound to happen at an ever-increasing pace—between the two Germanys. The question of how reunification of Germany can be achieved is being replaced by a more pertinent one: Who can guarantee the division of Germany? The answer is, nobody can.

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Tortured Kashmir

I. The Smoke and the Fire

EDMOND TAYLOR

NEW DELHI

SRINAGAR, the summer capital of Jammu and Kashmir State (area 86,024 square miles; 1961 population 3,560,976), is an odd little place at any time—more odd than really beautiful, it seemed to me—but conditions were peculiar even by local standards when I arrived there at the end of September. My introduction to the special Kashmiri atmosphere began while I was having tea at the Indian government's regional press information bureau, where I had gone to present my credentials and to ask for an appointment with the state's chief minister. I was having a pleasant chat with one of the press officers when there was a loud noise out in the street, quite close it seemed. "A blowout, of course," the press officer remarked.

Having often heard similar blowouts during the Algerian war, and even for a time in Paris, I finished my tea as fast as courtesy allowed and went out to investigate. "People saying bomb explode, sir," my chauffeur reported. The circumstances, unfortunately, did not lend themselves for the moment to impartial investigation. An armed patrol, rifles at the ready, its men two paces apart, faces alert and ugly, was trotting in single file along the sidewalk, and in the middle of the street Kashmir state police were swinging their long, brass-tipped lathis at a group of youths who were running for dear life.

Late that same afternoon, there was a knock on my door and two young men in European clothes asked if they could come in. They identified themselves as members of a students' revolutionary committee fighting for Kashmir's freedom. Their committee, they said, had organized a peaceful demonstration of students that morning outside the headquarters of the U.N. military observer group and had tried to hand over to the U.N. personnel a resolution setting forth their grievances; they had been denied entrance by the Kashmir police and then brutally charged with lathis and gun butts. In retaliation they had thrown two hand grenades at their attackers, and had left two policemen writhing in pools of blood on the ground.

According to my two visitors, more than a hundred students had been arrested and then barbarously tortured in the police trucks taking them to prison, and in retaliation a third hand grenade had been thrown at a police detachment on Residency Road. Perhaps I had heard it go off? I said I had heard an explosion that could have been a hand grenade, or perhaps just a tin can of something cooked up in a school chemistry lab or even a giant firecracker. My visitors retorted with some heat that it had been a pukka military hand grenade from their underground arsenal; then the older of the two handed me several copies of the resolution intended for the U.N. "Indian Government sent its Gestapo into action and wave after wave of repression was clamped on us," the text asserted. "Kashmir was turned into something worse than a Nazi concentration camp and naked genocide was committed on us! The drama of Eichmann was re-enacted."

WHILE I read on, the two genocide victims supplied me by way of footnotes with lurid atrocity stories —villages in flames, innocent peasants slaughtered by the score, women raped by the hundreds—all of which the older revolutionary shouted to me across the room in a voice suitable for addressing a large outdoor rally. In more than thirty years as a foreign correspondent I have never encountered such iron-nerved—and iron-lunged—conspirators.

For, if the resolution could be read at its face value, my visitors

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were indeed conspirators; in fact they were nothing less than the famous guerrillas, or raiders, the Indian papers were constantly writing about. "Indian Government tried to mislead the world by naming us 'Pakistan Infiltrators,'" the document explained. "But now we have risen and shall fight to the last."

At first I was skeptical about practically everything my two visitors had told me. Later, I discovered there was quite a bit of truth mixed in with the wild exaggerations about "genocide." I finally succeeded in obtaining confirmation from a local official spokesman that the noise I heard on my arrival in Srinagar had been a small plastic bomb planted or thrown by some student agitators and that it had injured a passing cyclist and a policeman. The spokesman also admitted that a number of students had been arrested after the morning's demonstration, but claimed that most of them had been released within a few hours and denied that any had been tortured or otherwise maltreated. After I returned to Delhi, hand grenades were thrown by students in Srinagar on several occasions and, according to official statements by the Kashmir authorities, two youths were injured by what appeared to be the premature explosion of a bomb they were planting. It was also claimed that hand grenades made in Pakistan had been found in police raids.

The student demonstrations became increasingly frequent and violent, leading to bloody clashes with the police in the streets of Srinagar. On October 17, the Kashmir government ordered all schools in the city of Srinagar closed for an indefinite period. The decision had become necessary, a high Kashmir official told the press, because "Some unscrupulous people, paid agents and mercenaries of Pakistan, had endeavored to take advantage of the student community and incite them into agitation and indiscipline." Earlier the Kashmir home minister, D. P. Dhar, asserted that some Pakistani raiders were still hiding in Srinagar itself and charged that there was evidence that "certain elements were maintaining close liaison with these raiders." That sounded like at least partial and indirect corroboration of the most important allegation the two student revolutionaries had made to me, namely that a significant part of the Kashmir population had been and was actively supporting the infiltrators or raiders from across the border, contrary to previous Indian official claims.

Smoke, Fire, and Propaganda

Both Rawalpindi and New Delhi, I suspect, are sometimes misled by their respective protégés or agents in Kashmir, and reports from both sides must often be taken with several grains of salt. Pakistan's External Affairs Minister Z. A. Bhutto, for example, has reiterated the preposterous genocide charge in the U.N. On the other side of the coin one can cite Kashmir's chief minister, G. M. Sadiq, arriving in Delhi on the same day his police had just shot down seven of his constituents in the streets of his state's capital and declaring that the general situation in Kashmir was "absolutely normal."

Often there are real flames, or at least embers, behind all the clouds of propaganda smoke, and those embers could in certain circumstances start a world conflagration. Wars usually do generate atrocities. But if, as the Pakistan sympathizers in Kashmir allege, Kashmiri villages have been deliberately burned down by Indian forces—and I suspect myself that this has happened, though less frequently than alleged—it is probably often because Pakistani raiders have sniped at Indian troops from such villages, realizing full well the reprisals they would provoke.

The charges of rape are equally complicated. Most frequently they are laid against the police forces that were sent into the valley from other parts of India when political agitation threatened to get out of hand last spring. I heard several leaders of the legally tolerated pro-independence Plebiscite Front talking of Moslem women raped by the hundreds. The most responsible Front leaders, such as Maulana Mohammed Sayeed Masoodi, were more cautious; they spoke merely of "molestation." The Front's official propaganda publications are similarly circumspect.

The distinction drawn between rape and molestation is interesting. Hundreds of Kashmiri women probably did feel that they had been molested last May and it is likely that the feeling was in many cases justified. (The number of such cases is thought to have increased further since the arrival of Pakistani raiders in August.) But it is often pointed out by way of explanation that police forces under the local authorities—not the Indian Army—frequently search passengers boarding or leaving busses to make sure they are not raiders in disguise or that they are not carrying concealed weapons. Women are not spared, and especially when the searches are carried out by non-Kashmiri police, they are not always conducted with tact; sometimes, it appears, the searchers are deliberately untactful.

Kashmir is not the nightmare land that Pakistani propaganda depicts, but there is scarcely better foundation for Indian claims that the failure of the local population to give the Pakistani raiders any significant support demonstrates their basic loyalty to India. The Kashmiris are a gentle, unwarlike race, but their obvious unwillingness to fight for independence is no proof that they do not want it. And gentle folk can sometimes be incredibly stubborn.

One thing is painfully apparent: those Kashmiris who do have a definite political ideal, and who are willing to run risks for it, are adopting increasingly extremist attitudes that tend to narrow the choice open to the Kashmiri people to one simple alternative: India or Pakistan.

Ten Million Missing Persons

Political activists on the opposition side naturally make a major effort to convince foreign newsmen that the entire Moslem population of the state shares their pro-Pakistan or anti-India extremism; a number of street demonstrations and other theatrics are probably staged mainly to catch their attention. It is not certain that even the central government in Delhi knows what the true state of opinion in Kashmir is. "I am convinced," an Indian editor told me, "that a great many Kashmir Moslems are willing to put up with the status quo. But I am equally convinced that for a long time the central government has dangerously underestimated the strength of pro-Pakistan sentiment in the valley."

The lack of accurate information

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about the whole situation available to Indian policymakers in Delhi is in itself disturbing. An official expert on the problems of Kashmir here, after explaining to me that there are important Hindu and Buddhist enclaves in predominantly Moslem Kashmir, just as there are Moslem ones in the adjoining Hindu Province of Jammu, had to admit that he had no figures on the size of these various enclaves and did not believe they had ever been compiled. The 1961 census figures show roughly 1.1 million non-Moslems to about 2.4 million Moslems for the whole State of Jammu and Kashmir, but according to my source they were not further broken down. In fact, judging by the 1964 edition of a handbook on India published by the ministry of information, the central government does not even know the exact population of the majority of the state's eight administrative districts, since their frontiers were dislocated by Pakistani occupation in 1947. As a Moslem reader of the *Hindustan Times* complained, the total present-day Moslem population of India—listed as just under forty-seven million in the 1961 census—was given in one recent speech by President S. Radhakrishnan as sixty million and in another by Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri as only fifty million. (In fairness to these Indian leaders it should be pointed out that census data are particularly difficult to collect in this huge country.)

Before visiting Kashmir, I had been told by reliable western friends in New Delhi that some seventy per cent of the Kashmiri population would probably vote for independence in any plebiscite; the only element of uncertainty was whether the remaining thirty per cent would be split twenty per cent for union with Pakistan and ten per cent for India, or vice versa. When I interviewed Maulana Masoodi at the Front headquarters in the picturesque old quarter of Srinagar, he appeared to feel that such formulas belonged to the past: "As a result of the excesses committed here by the army and local authority, there is no doubt at all about what the outcome would be: the decision would be almost unanimous." "Unanimous for joining Pakistan, you mean?" I asked. The Maulana merely shrugged impatiently as if the matter had gone beyond the control of even the least extremist among the Moslem leaders. When a war starts, there is not much freedom of choice left to the individuals on both sides, who are swept away either by their own passions or by the pressure of an uncompromising police and propaganda apparatus. At least this is what happened to the Maulana, who has since been arrested, along with most of the remaining leaders of the Kashmiri self-determination movement. Jail has never had the virtue of inducing a spirit of moderation among political prisoners.

Hitherto Masoodi had impressed foreign observers as being the best balanced as well as the most influential of the Front leaders still at large, but I could see how Indian repression was endangering that balance. He spoke about a police assault on him during the disorders last May in which he had four teeth knocked out, described the latest conflict in the valley as an authentic "revolt" of the Kashmiri people—though he did not appear to maintain that the local population had taken an active part in the fighting—and denounced the Indian forces for burning "hundreds of homes," for "killing scores of civilians," for looting, "molestation" of women, and for putting "hundreds" of Kashmiris in jails or concentration camps. There was bitterness, rather than fanaticism, in this indictment.

The Psychological Gap

My own travels around the Vale of Kashmir satisfied me that there had been no general revolt of the population despite Pakistani efforts to provoke one last August. Evidence is accumulating, however, that despite early Indian statements to the contrary, part of the population did rise up or at least actively assist the raiders. But the small number of shotguns and muzzle-loading rifles captured by the Indian Army in the state indicates that these activists probably never exceeded a few hundred at most.

The October student riots and general agitation in Srinagar are something quite different, though there is little doubt that many of the demonstrators have been stirred up and sometimes equipped by underground Pakistani agents. A few days after I left Kashmir but eleven days before Masoodi's arrest, it was announced that five prominent Moslem leaders had been jailed for "activities prejudicial to peace and public order." As the Kashmir authorities doubtless anticipated, the arrests touched off a wave of violent protest, and they were not slow to let the population see that they meant business. A twenty-four-hour curfew was briefly clamped on several quarters of Srinagar. Then, as the student unrest continued, came the drastic decision to close all the city's schools.

Some Indian observers here believed that this firm stand on the part of the Kashmir government, combined with the central government's unequivocal statements that Kashmir will always remain part of India, might eventually restore tranquillity to the state. There had already been some reports of increasing numbers of Moslems refusing to follow extremist leadership any longer. On the other hand, I also encountered Indians here who appeared to share my view that at least some of the disaffection in Kashmir was attributable to psychological blunders committed by the police authorities in their determination to round up every last Pakistani raider or agent regardless of the impact on normal civilian life in the state. In studying not only the present disorders in Kashmir but the history of the numerous and sometimes much graver local incidents that have occurred in other parts of India in recent years, I am surprised to see how great a psychological gap has remained between the Indian bureaucracy at every level and the masses of the country, despite eighteen years of national independence and provincial self-government. In many bloody conflicts between the authorities and infuriated citizens, the former seem to have displayed the same well-intentioned but heavy-handed insensitivity that marked officialdom in the last phase of British rule.

Whatever else may be said of the confused conflict in Kashmir, it is certain that it has caused the leaders of what was formerly no more than a struggle for greater independence to manifest their sympathy, if not solidarity, with a military enemy of India. According to the *Hindustan*

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Times, the inevitable consequence is that "There can be no solution of the Kashmir question today which will not leave a deep sense of injury in the minds of India or Pakistan, or both." In particular, as another writer in the same paper affirms, "No government of this country could survive to deliver a solution involving anything more than purely internal adjustments to Kashmir." There is a hope, though a faint one, that the Indian government might eventually reach an understanding with Sheikh Abdullah, the venerated Kashmiri independence leader at present under arrest, on such "internal adjustments"; he is reported to have written several moderate and constructive letters to Prime Minister Shastri and other high Indian officials. It is by no means certain that even Sheikh Abdullah's release from detention and his agreement —if it could be obtained—to accept concessions stopping short of full independence for Kashmir would suffice to appease the fanaticism that recent events have unleashed there. And it is extremely doubtful that Pakistan would be satisfied with such a solution.

One unexpected and extremely dangerous aspect of the Kashmir problem came to light during Chief Minister Sadiq's stay in Delhi, where he conferred with national leaders and made several public speeches. As a Moslem resident of Kashmir, Sadiq symbolizes the nation's unity in the face of Pakistani aggression, and the central government naturally was glad to give him a public build-up. Sadiq appears to have exploited the situation to launch himself as a national figure. Instead of being the puppet that his local enemies accuse him of being, Sadiq seemed to have not only an internal policy of his own for Kashmir but almost an independent foreign policy. According to Indian press reports, he lectured Prime Minister Shastri on such matters as allowing members of the Congress Party to talk with Sheikh Abdullah or the attempts of Railway Minister S. K. Patil in London and Washington to reassure Anglo-American opinion about India's intentions in Kashmir.

In his public speeches, Sadiq poured vituperation on the United States in terms that do not correspond to any known policy attitude of the central government, and his anti-U.S. and anti-Pakistan pronouncements appeared to align him with a faction of left-wing ultranationalists both inside and outside the Congress Party that is vying more and more strenuously with the right-wing ultranationalists in incendiary demagoguery.

Above all, Sadiq appeared to be trying to force the government's hand on the vitally important issue of the conditions under which India might agree to withdraw to the original cease-fire line in Kashmir as part of a general détente with Pakistan. Whereas the official Indian position up to now has seemed to be that there could be no question of withdrawing from the newly reoccupied areas of Kashmir until there were solid guaranties that Pakistan would not use the terrain to launch new attacks or infiltrations, Sadiq in his speeches here declared that there would be no withdrawal, period—a position that almost inevitably implies renewal of hostilities with Pakistan unless the present régime there should first be overthrown.

The question inevitably arises in an observer's mind whether the Indian government is really in full control of its own authorities in Kashmir. Under the best conditions, the Indian constitution makes it very difficult to exercise central control over state authorities.

The Communal Danger

A disturbing element in the present situation is the Indian government's apparent eagerness to exploit the tonic effect of the recent fighting on national unity and morale. Through speeches, radio talks, and press conferences by political leaders, the nation is bombarded daily, or even several times daily, with calls for unceasing vigilance, reminders of the Indian Army's prowess, and warnings to Pakistan not to try Indian patience too far.

Responsible Indian leaders and publishers usually keep the polemic with Pakistan at a fairly dignified level and avoid crude appeals to hate. Also, such nationalist and militarist themes are linked with a systematic educational campaign to make the Indian people realize the permanent threat of Chinese as well as Pakistani expansionism. There is cause for some concern, however, that the sheer volume and constant repetition of the themes is beginning to overstimulate the Indian masses.

By far the most dangerous aspect of the psychological battle that has been continuing between India and Pakistan since the cease-fire has been the increasing injection of the communal issue into the dispute between the two countries. The major blame falls on Pakistan, where the press and radio have been allowed to spread religious hatred very thinly disguised as patriotic propaganda. Responsible Indian leadership—and even some extreme nationalist leadership that has not always been noted for responsibility in the past—has taken great pains to avoid inflaming the traditional Hindu hatred or fear of the Moslem. In fact, however paradoxical it may seem, Indian nationalist propaganda in the form it has taken recently may be an antidote to the poisons of old-fashioned communalism. It is a risky one, however, and sometimes in voicing their indignation over Pakistan's exploitation of the communal theme the Indians seem to a foreign observer to be unconsciously reflecting traces of communal prejudice in their own minds.

An example was the decision of the East Pakistan Moslem League to organize a great "Crush India Day" rally in Dacca on October 22. Past experience indicates that such rallies are all too likely to launch anti-Hindu programs in Pakistan and retaliatory anti-Moslem ones in West Bengal. The Indian government, therefore, understandably sent a note of protest to Rawalpindi. Less wisely, it published the text of the note in the domestic press, and when Pakistan rejected the communication as "interference" in its domestic affairs, Prime Minister Shastri in a speech at Allahabad warned that by going ahead with the scheduled rally Pakistan was "playing with fire." He was right, but perhaps so much public talk here about Moslem communalism in Pakistan is not the best way to dampen Hindu communalism in India.

In a situation like that now prevailing in the subcontinent, this is, to say the least, a disquieting thought.

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II. Background to Conflict

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

IT WAS the beginning of January, 1964. I was the only western correspondent in Kashmir. For ten days the valley had been engulfed in a religious frenzy. Moslems, heavily cloaked against bitter cold, had surged in almost constant processions through the valley, demanding the return of the stolen sacred hair of the Prophet Mohammed. Night and day they had marched through the streets of Srinagar, bearing the corpses of their dead and carrying thousands of green Islamic flags and black banners of mourning.

In the distant eastern Indian seacoast town of Bhubaneswar, just when the religious outburst in Kashmir was at its height, Jawaharlal Nehru collapsed of a stroke and had to be carried semi-conscious from a political convention. In steamy East Bengal, Pakistani Moslems had already begun massacres of Hindu neighbors and the communal slaughter was rapidly spreading toward Calcutta, inflamed by refugees' tales of rape, murder, and arson. In Rawalpindi, the Pakistani capital, an emergency cabinet session decided to appeal once again for United Nations intervention.

But in the Vale of Kashmir, cut off from the outside world by blizzards and total censorship, these repercussions to its troubles were unknown. And when daylight came on January 4 a huge multitude, in defiance of an Indian police order, moved into Srinagar's historic Red Square, where Nehru had promised Kashmir a plebiscite fourteen years before. From an improvised platform on top of a bus, Maulana Mohammed Sayeed Masoodi, a revered elder, said the Indian authorities claimed to have found the hair but would not show it to him or the other Moslem leaders and divines. "If the relic, God forbid, is not recovered, there will be no difference between the sky and earth nor the river and shores in Srinagar!" he shouted over a loudspeaker.

A fierce groan swept over the vast mass of people. Suddenly some men were on their feet and shouting, "Release the Lion of Kashmir! Only Sheikh Abdullah can be trusted to identify the Holy Relic!"

Within minutes Red Square was in pandemonium. "Plebiscite! Plebiscite! Down with the Indian government!" The treasonous words, punishable by imprisonment, rumbled across the square and echoed from the crowded rooftops. Masoodi, caught up in the fever, shouted at the top of his lungs into the microphone: "The ice that has frozen our politics for ten years has melted! Spring has come to Kashmir even if God has not given the world ears to hear!"

Masoodi was wrong. The Indian authorities, who until then had been reluctant to crush a religious demonstration, hestitated no longer. Indian Army troops supported by armed police were called from their heavily fortified barracks and sent into Srinagar to reoccupy the city, and Kashmir's third abortive uprising against Indian rule in a decade was quelled. Thousands of troops patrolled Srinagar's streets with fixed bayonets. Policemen, watched by sullen crowds, set off fireworks in the streets.

Meanwhile, All India Radio in New Delhi broadcast news reports that the Kashmiri people were rejoicing and dancing in the streets to celebrate the recovery of the holy relic, and this Indian version was largely carried in the world press. For anyone who was there, nothing that India says on Kashmir can be quite the same again.

India has always insisted that whatever unrest there is in Kashmir is caused by the religious bias of a backward people, and that the Kashmiris themselves are largely indifferent pawns in the struggle between India and Pakistan. Many fair-minded Indians are convinced that this is true. While many westerners concede that the Kashmiris would join Pakistan on religious grounds if given a choice, few realize the amount of opposition among Kashmiris to Indian rule on purely political and economic grounds as well.

The more than $170 million spent by India in Kashmir in the past decade has gone mostly for military highways and public buildings, and several hundred million dollars more has gone to maintain some 150,000 police and military troops in the Vale to stave off uprisings. Despite New Delhi's endless claims that "Kashmir is an integral part of India," it has not seriously tried to raise the living standard of Kashmir's Moslems, and the poverty of the people living in this beautiful valley comes as a shock to the foreign visitor.

The Gentle Lion

Jawaharlal Nehru clearly knew the danger of the Kashmir situation during the last five months of his life. In February, 1964, suffering partial paralysis and uremic poisoning, and aware he had not long to live, Nehru sent his deputy, Lal Bahadur Shastri, to Kashmir to strike a bargain with the Moslem leaders. Shastri secretly promised to release Sheikh Abdullah, the former chief minister of Kashmir, whom Nehru, despite their old friendship, had deposed and kept in confinement for ten years, in return for an end to religious demonstrations and a promise that Moslem elders would help in a public identification of the recovered holy relic as the genuine hair of Prophet Mohammed.

Abdullah was released two months later, and on April 18 made his triumphal return to Srinagar. I had returned to the city that morning and watched as nearly a million wildly cheering peasants lined Abdullah's sixty-mile approach across the Vale. As the procession crawled through the city and surging mobs showered his car with spring flowers, all Srinagar echoed with the cry "We want a plebiscite!"

Abdullah, a silver-haired, soft-spoken giant of a man, pledged to his adoring peasant followers, "I am with you even if I am torn to pieces to solve this problem." He did not, however, demand a plebiscite but spoke instead in ethical terms of forgiveness and love for

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both India and Pakistan. Later, in New Delhi, there was a moving reconciliation with Nehru, and marathon conversations between the dying leader and his former protégé.

Abdullah had first caught the popular imagination during Hindu-Moslem riots in Kashmir in 1931 when he undertook to give the last rites to a young Hindu girl whose relatives were afraid to go by themselves to the cremation ground. Then an obscure young Moslem chemistry teacher, Abdullah carried the Hindu girl's body through Srinagar's streets and went on into legend as the "Lion of Kashmir." The Vale has never had a religious riot since.

As leader of Kashmir's National Conference, a democratic independence movement that had links with India's Congress Party before 1947, Abdullah served as Kashmir's first prime minister from 1947 to 1953. His rule was notable for radical land reforms and a steadfast refusal to accept Indian economic aid. In August, 1953, he was abruptly deposed for seeking Kashmir's independence after he became disillusioned with Indian rule, and was jailed for the next ten years.

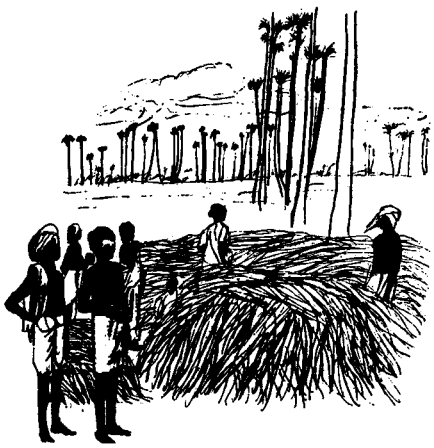
DURING those years, Kashmir was ruled by Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, Abdullah's former deputy. He soon became a tyrannical and corrupt dictator who crushed all political opposition with a private army of secret police. Indian authorities looked the other way while Bakshi pocketed a handsome share of Kashmir's development funds. (A British banker, then in Kashmir, estimated this to be as high as $75 million.)

In late 1963, Bakshi resigned under pressure from the prime ministership, but was able to keep Kashmir his personal fief by installing a sidewalk petition writer, Khwaja Shamsuddin, as his successor. Shamsuddin himself was forced out of office in early 1964 and was replaced by G. M. Sadiq, the present incumbent.

Soon after his stroke in January, 1964, Nehru had decided that Kashmir must be settled once and for all. The question, once Abdullah was released, was how.

By then, India could not easily have agreed to give up Kashmir outright. For years Nehru had fostered the notion in the Indian people that should Kashmir join Pakistan, India's Hindu fanatics would murder their fifty-five million Moslem countrymen and every border state in India would seek independence. Both arguments were questionable, but Nehru by then was too weak politically to go back on them.

Instead, he saw a way to avoid having to give Kashmir up. That



was to bring Pakistan in. Sheikh Abdullah went to Pakistan with an offer from Nehru: Would President Ayub agree to the creation of an internally autonomous Kashmir, with India and Pakistan forming a confederation, guaranteed by the United Nations, for its joint defense?

In early May, Nehru hinted to the Indian parliament that ties, "even constitutional" ties, with Pakistan might be desirable. Ayub agreed to meet Nehru in June to discuss forming a confederate bond between the two countries to create some order in Kashmir. He told Abdullah he might agree to the proposal, provided Pakistan's sovereignty was not infringed upon.

On the evening of May 24, Nehru called Kashmir's Chief Minister Sadiq to his house in Delhi for urgent consultation. He asked Sadiq if he would agree to the confederation plan. Sadiq agreed.

The next morning, Nehru left for a two-day rest in the mountains. The morning following his return, May 27, he suffered his fatal stroke and died. Four days later Ayub publicly rejected the confederation proposal. His rejection, it appeared, was partly prompted by the announcement in Washington of a new five-year arms-aid program to India, which had been strongly urged by U.S. Ambassador Chester Bowles.

Nevertheless discussions about the possibility of talks between Ayub and Shastri continued, but the two leaders reportedly agreed to postpone a settlement on Kashmir until Shastri had settled into office and could prepare Indian public opinion.

Then rumors began spreading that Shastri had secretly informed India's militant right-wing party leaders that he did not intend to give up Indian sovereignty rights over Kashmir. Hindu extremist newspaper articles critical of Shastri abruptly ceased. New Delhi then began taking a series of steps to absorb Kashmir constitutionally into India.

Abdullah, with Shastri's permission, went abroad last January, ostensibly on a pilgrimage to Mecca and to visit the Moslem countries. In Algiers his visit coincided with one by Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, who invited Abdullah to visit Peking. Shastri cabled Abdullah that his passport (giving his nationality as a "Moslem Kashmiri") was canceled and ordered him to return to Delhi for "talks" at once. At Delhi's Palam Airport, Abdullah was hustled off by Indian police without seeing anyone and has been held incommunicado in South India ever since. A British newsman who tried to reach Abdullah was expelled.

In the meantime, Pakistan had also jailed K. H. Khurshid, the former president of Azad (Pakistan-held) Kashmir, reportedly for favoring Kashmir's reunification as an autonomous state, relatively independent of both India and Pakistan.

Then, on August 5, began the series of events that ultimately ended in the Indo-Pakistani war.

A Link for Friendship?

Masoodi, who until his arrest on October 21 was considered Abdullah's spokesman, said, "We have tried to keep Sheikh Abdullah's views alive in the six months since he left us. His policy is that the Kashmir issue must be settled in accordance with the will of the Kashmiri people and on the basis of friendship between India and Pakistan.

"Nehru told Abdullah in his last

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days that he felt Kashmir could do more harm to India than any other question. This military action by India and Pakistan will not settle anything. Even if India takes over Pakistan-held Kashmir, it still will not be settled.

"Somehow all this violence must end. Now all the young men want to join Pakistan. Everybody first of all wants his own freedom. And when the chance for freedom is not there . . . well, after this everybody will say they must go to Pakistan. They must bring Sheikh Abdullah back to Kashmir. He is the only man to get India and Pakistan to settle it."

Abdullah's followers have adopted an aloof policy toward the question of the infiltrators. Their own public effort since June has been to send ten volunteers into Srinagar's Red Square once a week in a Gandhi-style civil-disobedience movement. The demonstrators court arrest by shouting the slogans "This land is ours and we will decide its future! Release Sheikh Abdullah!" Several hundred have been jailed.

One eminent Kashmiri lawyer, an intimate of Sheikh Abdullah, described to me what he thought were the Sheikh's views for a Kashmir settlement:

"Abdullah believes that it is not only a question of Kashmir but of the whole divided subcontinent. Pakistan's attitude toward Kashmir has been too possessive.

"On the other hand, Abdullah found President Ayub more reasonable last spring than Ayub's public statements would indicate. He would go along with India a long way.

"If India wants peace and to end the fighting with Pakistan, Abdullah must be released. The Sheikh wants Kashmir to flower as a place where Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs can live together. He wants India and Pakistan just to leave the Kashmiris alone and let them develop their own genius. After all, the valley is only twenty-six by sixty miles, a small piece of land. Why have India and Pakistan made it a question of false pride and false prestige? Abdullah's idea of a confederation is aimed at making of Kashmir a link between India and Pakistan."

These *were* the aims of Sheikh Abdullah's movement.

Chicago: The Marchers And the Machine

KEVIN P. BUCKLEY and RICHARD COTTON

CHICAGO

ON OCTOBER 1, the U.S. Office of Education announced it was freezing some $30 million in aid to this city's schools. It was the OE's first major attempt in the North to apply the part of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibiting Federal aid to programs where there is discrimination. The office, however, had not weighed the political implications of its decision and found itself directly in conflict with the country's most powerful Democratic mayor, Richard J. Daley. Four days later, under heavy pressure from the White House and Capitol Hill, the OE abruptly reversed itself and released the money.

The OE's capitulation and the furor it created among civil-rights leaders across the country obscured the fact that the whole episode was merely a temporary setback for Chicago's militant and unified rights movement. It has only delayed an inevitable confrontation between Daley and local civil-rights forces led by the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., who has selected the city for his first major urban operation in the North.

This ambitious rights movement owes most of its unity and a good deal of its militancy to its chief antagonist, the controversial superintendent of schools, Benjamin C. Willis. Since June 10, when daily marches began, more than 750 persons have been arrested for protesting de facto segregation in the city's schools. Despite the arrests and maximum fines imposed, at least thirty persons have turned out even on the rainiest midweek day, and at times there have been as many as three hundred. During one brief visit, King himself led fifteen thousand through the Loop.

The event that prompted the demonstrations occurred on May 27, when the board of education voted 7-4 to reappoint Willis to his $48,500-a-year post. Though the board attached the "compromise" proviso that Willis would step down in December, 1966, when he became sixty-five, and not serve the full four-year term, the civil-rights leadership, which was convinced that the board would drop Willis, was infuriated. United in its anger, it endorsed an immediate five-day school boycott.

The board's reappointment of Willis and the subsequent street demonstrations had another effect besides solidifying the city's civil-rights groups: "We indisputably pinned the responsibility for Ben Willis where it belongs—on Mayor Daley," said Albert Raby, the leader of the Co-ordinating Council of Community Organizations, an amalgam of the city's civil-rights groups. "There is not a person in town who doesn't know that Willis is there because Daley wants him there. A year ago, we had a hard time telling that story."

WHEN Willis came from Buffalo to Chicago in 1953, he was hailed as a great administrator. He immediately began an extensive building program, and the results have been impressive: more than 277 schools have been either built or acquired, adding 5,601 classrooms to the school system. In the process, as board member Cyrus Adams III pointed out, "Willis has reduced the cost of building schools from $21 a foot twelve years ago to $16 a foot today despite a great rise in prices."

But the new superintendent, it soon turned out, was a hard man to do business with. In his first year in office, he and his board argued for three months over his refusal to give the board information about the qualifications for teacher promotion. In 1954 a committee of parents and welfare-agency leaders went to him with a proposal for employing social workers in the city's regular schools; he brusquely turned them away after a brief hearing. For eight years he ignored similiar sug-

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gestions from PTAs, welfare groups, and mental-health agencies. In 1962 Chicago still had only two social workers for nearly half a million children. Under great pressure, he recently appointed a staff member to set up a program.

Throughout his tenure he has been inaccessible to reporters and others seeking information about the school system. Even today, repeated requests for interviews are ignored. His recently instituted press conferences have proved to be an empty gesture since he dismisses questions of substance with curt replies. Television coverage of the press conferences has exposed his brusquesness to the public and antagonized many more Chicagoans.

But until the question of de facto school segregation was raised in 1962 by civil-rights groups, the combination of Willis's unwillingness to accept suggestions and his undiplomatic manner did not become a factor in an issue involving great numbers of people in the city. Indirectly, Willis was a factor in King's decision to open his Northern operations in Chicago. King had been searching for a city with a strong civil-rights movement receptive to his leadership. He found just that combination in Chicago: a movement solidified by Willis's intransigence and looking for a champion to take on the political power of Daley.

THE MAIN rallying point of the civil-rights movement is certain to be de facto school segregation. Negroes account for slightly more than half of Chicago's elementary-school enrollment. Yet nine out of ten Negro elementary pupils attend schools that are virtually all Negro, and three-fourths of these children attend schools that are more than ninety-nine per cent Negro. In high school, where dropouts have lowered the Negro enrollment to thirty-seven per cent of the total, six out of every ten Negro teen-agers attend Negro schools.

To investigate the situation, a panel of five educators, under Professor Philip M. Hauser of the University of Chicago, was appointed in mid-1963 by the board of education. Nevertheless today, a year and a half after the panel's report was issued and adopted by the board, Hauser maintains that Willis has ignored or sabotaged all thirteen of the panel's recommendations, including permissive transfers, high-school "clusters," and the appointment of an assistant superintendent for integration. "Willis has shown that he will not follow any recommendation of this report unless it is shoved down his throat by the board—and they have not shown the spirit or inclination to do this consistently," Hauser said. "To try these recommendations as long as this man is superintendent is only to add to chaos and confusion."

For his part, Willis has uncommon definitions of the words "integration" and "segregation." At a recent press conference he observed, "There are only seven high schools that could be considered not integrated." The only schools that could be considered segregated, said Willis, were "schools without a single Negro child." Thus, in high schools where enrollment sometimes reaches five thousand, the presence of one Negro brings integration; and schools with a one hundred per cent Negro enrollment are apparently to be considered integrated.

A Percentage Gamble

The explanation of Mayor Daley's continued support of Willis lies in the political and racial composition of the nation's third largest city. In recent years, Daley has been worried by the steady shrinkage of his popularity in the city's white middle-class areas, while his organization has been able to guarantee an enormous percentage of the Negro vote. The decision to keep Willis—and, like nearly all important political decisions in Chicago, it was Daley's—has greatly bolstered his standing among these white constituents.

Daley has apparently gambled that he had the least to lose by keeping Willis, balancing Negro anger against white defection. Negroes account for only about twenty-five per cent of Chicago's population and less than twenty per cent of the city's voters. While Daley has made recent friendly gestures to the Negro community, including stricter enforcement of housing regulations, he remains committed to retaining Willis.

It may be a far bigger gamble than Daley realizes. The recent withholding of Federal aid to the school districts was at least partially the result of Willis's refusal to co-operate with the Federal government. In January, the Office of Education hired John E. Coons, a Northwestern University law professor, to survey Chicago's schools. Willis at first wouldn't see him or give him even published reports, then granted a ten-minute interview that became a harangue. Press disclosure of his attitude in July forced Willis to unbend and to offer Coons two cartons of information and another meeting.

Though the OE was quickly forced to release the funds and withdraw a team of investigators, Willis was not entirely free of Federal influence. The $30 million was allocated to Chicago under the new Elementary and Secondary Education Act, to upgrade education in slum districts. The superintendent had originally announced that he intended to spend the bulk of the funds in three high-school districts. But the day after the monies were released he quietly revealed that he was restudying his proposal. The reason was quite simple: two of the districts, including one in which he lives, are ineligible for Federal aid under the median-income provision of the act.

Thus the Office of Education has learned that "you can't beat city hall" head-on, but that even city hall can't entirely thwart the intent of the new laws. And the civil-rights leaders have learned that laws enacted for the South are equally applicable in the North.

Chcago's civil-rights movement fully intends to use the specific provisions of the new legislation in the coming battle with Daley's machine. It is, moreover, a long-range struggle that will go far beyond the school system to housing, jobs, and all the problems of the Northern Negroes. The scope of the campaign has been made clear by King. Although he now plans to begin spending only three days a week in the city, he has already installed fourteen key members of his Southern Christian Leadership Conference staff. Given Daley's unyielding position on Willis, it promises to be a long, drawn-out struggle. As one civil-rights leader has said, "We are just not going to go away."

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The New Man In La Fortaleza

A. W. MALDONADO

SAN JUAN

THE NEW MAN, Roberto Sánchez Vilella, who occupies La Fortaleza, the governor's palace in San Juan, began his inaugural speech last January 2 with a proclamation: "Puerto Rico today enters a new era in its history." It was, Sánchez promised, to be an era of law and not of men, and he pledged himself to a strengthening of Puerto Rican constitutional and democratic institutions. The long Era of Luis Muñoz Marín, the Commonwealth's first governor, had ended.

Sánchez is a man of great energy and integrity. A civil engineer, he began to work for the government soon after his graduation from Ohio State University in 1934. His father was a veteran politician who joined Muñoz's new Popular Democratic Party in 1940. Muñoz soon discovered in the young Sánchez what he required in a close associate: a knack for administration and a passion for anonymity; for thirty years Sánchez served as his loyal lieutenant. By 1963, when the governor began to plan for his retirement, Sánchez was already running the island's administrative machinery with expert precision, though no one in Puerto Rico knew much more about him than his name.

In August, 1964, Muñoz pushed Sánchez in front of a Popular Democratic convention and introduced him as his hand-picked successor. Neither Sánchez nor the convention had any choice; Muñoz, as always, had his way. The Popular Democratic Party went on to its expected landslide victory in November. The quiet, publicity-shy Sánchez surprised everyone by the effectiveness of his campaign. But on Inauguration Day, no one—not even Muñoz—knew what to expect.

Then, for the first time, Sánchez began to speak for himself. The new governor did not promise a continuation of the Muñoz Era, nor did he commit himself exclusively to carrying out Muñoz's master plan for Puerto Rico's development. Instead, Sánchez went on to promise "new people, new ideas, and new attitudes." After his speech, a close friend of Muñoz commented that Sánchez had spoken as if a new political party had won the elections.

Roberto Sánchez Vilella

Neither the new faces—Sánchez has incorporated a younger generation of administrators into his cabinet—nor the few new ideas are as interesting as the new style. When Muñoz, before his retirement, had spoken of Puerto Rico's need "to grow up," Sánchez was one man who listened and believed. During his thirty years as right-hand man, Sánchez had been everything Muñoz wasn't: whereas Muñoz believed in the direct and forceful use of political power, Sánchez shuns power whenever possible.

Sánchez is more interested in seeing that things are done right than he is in the things themselves—he gives method priority over substance. He is not cold or aloof, but he runs the government with slide-rule precision and impersonality.

The Trial Nobody Wanted

The unique Puerto Rican attitude summed up in the words *ay bendito,* seems to have gone from the government. *Ay bendito* can be translated as "Oh, dear me" and is used to denote compassion, forgiveness, and, at times, resignation. It is what the tax collector says as he listens to the excuses of the delinquent taxpayer; it is what the policeman says when the speeding motorist explains that he is hurrying to visit his ailing mother; it is what most Puerto Ricans have said of their own existence during four centuries of deprivation and poverty. *Ay bendito* has been at the root of both the weakness and the strength of Puerto Rican culture.

Perhaps nothing better symbolizes the difference between the *ay bendito* Puerto Rico and the new administration than an unthinkable event that took place in mid-August. Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, the aristocratic old lady who for nineteen years has been mayor of San Juan, sat in a hot, dingy district court to face prosecution for a petty administrative oversight. Doña Felisa was charged with having awarded a contract for the construction of parking lots on a San Juan avenue without first obtaining the legally required public bidding. The total cost of the project was $16,700. There was no evidence or even implication of fraud or graft; at issue was simply a procedural violation.

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In Puerto Rican politics, Doña Felisa is second only to Muñoz; in fact, without her backing, it is possible that Muñoz would not have gained control of the government in 1948. Every election year, she delivered San Juan to him; the fervor of her followers, mostly the poor people crowded into San Juan's many slums, exceeded in intensity and permanence the loyalty of Muñoz's rural following. Doña Felisa has always been a notoriously bad administrator, with the basic outlook and emotional temperament of a social worker, but her honesty has never been questioned.

A woman of unusual warmth, charm, and Spanish grace, Doña Felisa has received almost as much world-wide publicity as Muñoz himself. Her crooked smile, giant hairpieces, and original dress designs make her extremely photogenic. It was this woman who was to be tried in a district court normally occupied with the petty transgressions of drunken brawlers, prostitutes, and traffic violators.

On July 7, when the Commonwealth's Justice Department announced that it was going to prosecute Doña Felisa, the official explanation was simply that the department had no alternative: the municipal laws were clear and there was no question that the parking lots had been built without any preliminary bidding taking place. It was possible to argue that no such bidding was necessary, since the parking lots already existed and all the municipality had done was to recondition them. Scores of such minor violations come to light every year; they are corrected, the persons responsible are reprimanded, and that is the end of it.

On August 17, the trial began in an atmosphere of general disbelief. There was Doña Felisa with her high headpiece, and her round, heavy body in a white dress of her own design. But the perpetual smile, the intelligent bright eyes, the look of deep interest and energy that had kept her young were gone. She was an embittered old woman. She simply could not accept the fact that after a lifetime of dedication to "her people," she was being treated as a common criminal.

The trial was a farce. By the second day, it simply came to a halt. Neither the defense nor the prosecution had the heart to argue over such details while Doña Felisa sat stony-faced in the dock. Attorneys for both sides agreed to stipulate that while the charges were factually correct, Doña Felisa was not responsible. The judge quickly and without elaboration declared her innocent. A spectator rushed to Doña Felisa and cried: "I knew it! I knew they could not do this to you." Reporters surrounded her. She walked by them, her face hard, repeating one word —*"Nada, nada, nada."*

Principles Can't Govern

Why was the trial allowed to take place? Only a year ago, somewhere along the line, Muñoz would have stopped the administrative processes that drew Doña Felisa into that small courtroom. He would not have broken the law to protect her, but he would have bent it. Governor Sánchez did not participate in or

Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier

directly influence the administrative decisions that brought Doña Felisa to trial. He stayed completely aloof. But this is precisely the point. For although he was under powerful political and personal pressures to intervene, he did not. It would have made him just "another Muñoz."

Doña Felisa has embodied the *ay bendito* in her humanitarian compulsion to do good. She loves to give; public welfare in her administration consists of giving shoes, toys, and money to the needy—a good part of it out of her own pocket. For her, objectives have priority over strict conformity to methodical details.

The most revealing remark Sánchez has yet made came after a Washington columnist had expressed the idea that what is new in Puerto Rico is a generation of leftist political leaders and that Sánchez is a "prisoner" of this anti-U.S. group. In reply, Sánchez said that he was indeed a prisoner, but "a prisoner of my principles."

The key to understanding the new governor and his new era lies precisely in this phrase. Whereas Muñoz believed that the popular mandate gave him not only the right but the responsibility to make the full use of political power, Sánchez has set out to decentralize the government and curtail his own power. To this end, he is creating a network of citizens' commissions and committees that will take an active role in governmental decisions and programs. He has created a permanent Civil Rights Commission and special committees to participate in the naming of judges, to improve relations between the government and the people, and to reduce public spending. He is trying to raise the prestige and power of the legislature by frequent consultation with the legislative leaders of both parties.

One of the governor's aides told me recently: "Sánchez could be a great governor if he only had some vanity." It was his lack of vanity that made him a totally unselfish and willingly anonymous assistant to Muñoz for so many years, a role that lifted him to the governorship. But this lack now appears more and more to be his greatest weakness. Puerto Rican society is certainly more stable and mature than when Muñoz began to govern in 1948; but the island, still economically and politically undeveloped, continues to need leadership and direction.

The truth is, as José Ortega y Gasset pointed out forty years ago, that however laudable principles may be, they simply cannot govern. No one denies that Sánchez's constitutional reforms are healthy and necessary. But Puerto Rico's new depersonalized system of government has been carried to an absurd extreme when its governor cannot break out of a self-imposed prison of principles even to prevent the humiliation of an old humanitarian.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 134

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

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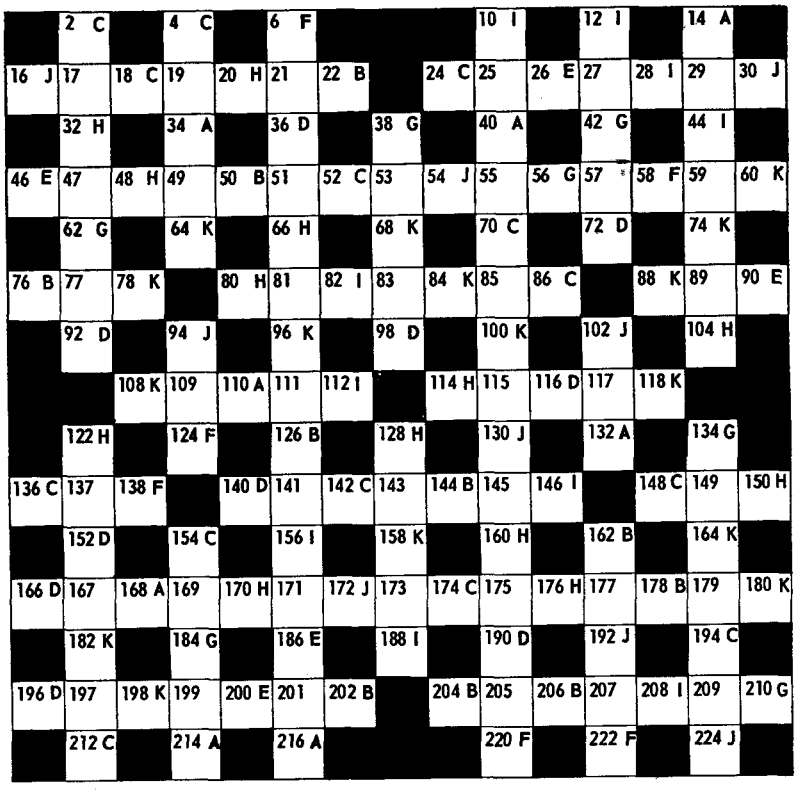

A
40 110 168 14 34 216 132 214 Adjective frequently applied to the winter wind.

B
126 76 162 50 204 22 178 206 144 202 Viet Cong and Viet Minh are both this, at any rate (4,6).

C
24 70 18 142 194 212 52 174 148 86 154

4 136 2 Cliché for something caught aborning (6,2,3,3).

D
116 36 72 166 98 140 92 196 190 152 A dish that may be alphabetical or flat (6,4).

E
90 46 200 186 26 To change, as in a text.

F
222 58 6 138 220 124 One who rocks the boat, for instance.

G
42 184 62 134 56 210 38 Browning wrote about one of Galuppi's.

H
48 160 122 170 32 20 80 114 66 176 128

150 104 Curious family relationship written about by Wordsworth (5,2,6).

I
112 82 146 12 208 156 44 10 28 188 Looked at a cute young lady (British slang) (4,1,5).

J
16 172 94 54 30 224 102 192 130 A vigorous person (6,3).

K
88 158 96 68 108 100 78 198 118 84 60

180 74 182 164 64 The Acrostician is fond of these (4;8,4).

ACROSS

16. Fixes and mates again?
24. Persons with no use for clothing styles.
46. Burch mutilation results in lots of worries (4,11).
76. Beverage consumed? No. Drunk.
80. Fashionable when introduced by eye trouble.
88. Charge in life earnings, it seems.
108. Dramatist sounds uncivilized.
114. Last, but not in Alf.
136. Little arbiter in a slumping market.
140. To erase is a former free-loader, they say.
148. Digit of incognito enterprises.
166. Kind of bet for an identical twin? (6,2,7).
196. Has son seen such unity?
204. How to know something when a deed comes last (2,1,4).

DOWN

2. Takes away when little editors are broken up about air pipes!
4. Washes a degree around a crushed hat.
6. Shared cost when the golf teacher scored former coins, they say (8,7).
10. Scene of the Acrostician's activity (10,5).
12. Dot it once or twice for a copy.
14. Such a person is said to be a state of unconsciousness.
38. Toller for first man's son, I hear (1,4).
94. Rib up for desert spot.
102. Papa sheep rolls over to scratch the surface.
122. Put in escrow when I claim to be weighty!
128. Rush in, Arthur Rycroft!
134. Join the first part of a state.
154. Wood that may belong to Boney!
162. The handle has a small foot.

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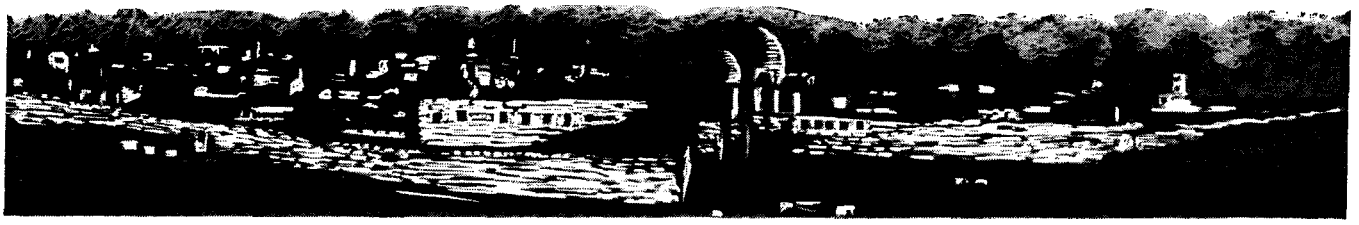

The Old Man And the Young Sabras

CLAIRE STERLING

JERUSALEM

"IF I AM CONFRONTED with the choice of closing an eye to injustice and thereby gaining the seat of power, or crying out against injustice and being driven into the political wilderness, I choose the wilderness." That, David Ben-Gurion told me as we talked in his kibbutz bungalow deep in the Negev Desert, is why he has broken the ties of a lifetime and become an implacable opponent of the party and establishment he has led since the State of Israel was born.

Of all the explanations I had heard of Ben-Gurion's stunning decision, this was the one most Israelis took least seriously. The injustice he speaks of—the Lavon Affair, or just the Affair, as it is called here—happened eleven years ago; nobody has suffered more than political bruises for it; and hardly anybody can bear to hear another weary word on the subject apart from Ben-Gurion himself. His former intimates in the governing Mapai Party brush it aside as a pretext for the spiteful behavior of a jealous old autocrat who cannot relinquish power gracefully as he approaches his eightieth year. "All heroes wind up as bores," says Deputy Premier Abba Eban, "and B.G., alas, is no exception." Friendlier Israelis suggest that the Old Man may be losing touch with reality by harping on the Lavon Affair. Even the loyalists who have followed him into the wilderness wince when the topic is mentioned. At the headquarters of their new Rafi Party, preparing feverishly for a national election on November 2, the accent is all on youth, regeneration, and the need for fresh, imaginative leaders to replace the "dried-up bookkeepers who have been running the country since the Year One." To any question about the Affair, Rafi men simply reply: "Ask B.G."

Yet when Ben-Gurion answers, one begins to see how the Lavon Affair came to stand in his mind for nearly everything he had been quarreling about with his closest associates for years. He does not know or care, he told me, whether it was the then Defense Minister Pinhas Lavon or a certain senior officer who, in 1954, gave the order to blow up the USIS libraries in Cairo and Alexandria so as to turn the United States against Nasser, an action that led to the arrest and execution of two Israeli agents in Egypt. What concerns him is that while either Lavon or the senior officer must have been lying, successive Mapai-dominated cabinets have refused to let the courts investigate the case and determine who the liar was.

Whatever its reasons—and only the innermost circle knows them all—the cabinet's refusal led Ben-Gurion to resign as premier in 1961 and force a new election, to vow upon resuming office that he would get the case to the courts, to resign again in 1963, and to spend the whole of the following year compiling evidence to prove that the case *must* go to the courts.

NO DOUBT he was acting partly from pique. Several veteran Mapai leaders who had been smarting under his rigid domination for fifteen years, and who were resentful of his efforts since 1958 to groom a younger team for national leadership, had seized upon the Affair not so much to shield Lavon, although he too was one of the old guard, as to get back at Ben-Gurion; and others later stiffened into opposition for equally human reasons, among them Premier Levi Eshkol. Having been thrust by the departing Ben-Gurion into an office synonymous with Ben-Gurion's name, Eshkol had an immediate problem in establishing a separate identity. Accordingly, when the Old Man bombarded him with imperious demands to reopen a case that all Israel wished would stay closed forever, his refusal was almost instinctive, and Ben-Gurion's reaction predictable.

If Ben-Gurion is famous for his temper, however, he has rarely failed to put his country's interests above partisan politics; and for the man who has nursed this fragile country to maturity against incredible odds, a principle of primary importance was involved here. Since Israel came into being in 1948, he had fought to rid his party of mental habits acquired in the days of the British Mandate, when the Mapai, the Jewish Agency, and the Histadrut labor federation had taken upon themselves all the functions of a state within a shadow Jewish state within a colonial state. It would not then have occurred to Mapai leaders to make use of the colonial power's laws and institutions; and though the state has long since changed hands, it does not readily occur to them yet. Despite an exceptionally high rate of political literacy, Israel is still far from being a modern democratic nation with carefully delineated executive, legislative, and judicial branches. It is not in the Knesset or the courts or even the cabinet that vital decisions of every kind are customarily made, but in the topmost echelon of the ruling Mapai Party.

For Ben-Gurion, therefore, his

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party's insistence on by-passing the judiciary and handling the Lavon Affair *in camera* is symptomatic of a deep-seated malady. He is particularly distressed because the case reflects a moral laxity that Israel cannot afford. "Somebody serving the state told a lie in 1954," he says, "and others have not only condoned but compounded it. That might not matter in other places, but our existence depends on our absolute integrity. Without it, we would be just another Levantine country, indistinguishable from those around us. Why, then, should the great nations on whose good will our survival depends continue to defend us against thirteen other Levantine countries? Why choose us instead of one hundred million Arabs?"

It is not surprising that very few Israelis should fully understand what Ben-Gurion is driving at. Testy, impatient, accustomed to undeviating loyalty, he has simply assumed that they would see things as he did, and gone on from there to press his case with a ferocity that has puzzled and at times shocked them. There are, after all, no real villains in this piece. The old guard he is attacking so relentlessly—Foreign Affairs Minister Golda Meir, Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir, Premier Eshkol—have long served the country loyally. When he denounces Eshkol for "having qualities a premier must not have and lacking those he should have," his warmest admirers find the statement uncalled for.

Ben-Gurion being Ben-Gurion, however, he is certainly not lost in the wilderness. Many Israelis, especially women and newer immigrants from the Diaspora, are siding with him because they could not imagine doing otherwise; and apparently a substantial number of intellectuals and young voters are gravitating toward his three-month-old Rafi Party for more practical political reasons.

The Young

After seventeen years of unnatural restraint, there is a strong popular feeling here that the time has come to overhaul the establishment from top to bottom. Two successful wars and an exceptionally competent army have lessened the threat of an Arab invasion, and the nation's unity on vital security matters cannot reasonably be questioned. Meanwhile, Israel has been growing and changing beyond recognition. The original population of some 700,000 Jews, the majority of whom were from Europe, has swelled to 2.2 million, more than half Oriental in origin. The pioneer settlers on the land have diminished in relative numbers and importance as agriculture takes second place to an industrial complex expanding at the remarkable rate of

11.5 per cent yearly over the past fourteen years. The austerity of barely a decade ago is gone and almost forgotten: Israel has a per capita income of $1,250, one of the world's highest. Labor is so short that many workers hold down two or three jobs, while employers glance covetously at the country's untapped labor pool of 240,000 closely restricted Arabs. Above all, a generation of aggressive young Sabras, cast in a modern mold and only dimly aware of the old-timers' heroic early sacrifices, is straining to take over.

The fact that the older generation has been responsible for so much progress does not satisfy these younger people. Anybody could have done as much with all those international handouts, they say, and in any case it is not enough. The government has grown flabby on American Jewry's donations and German reparations, failed to carry through a strict economic policy to make Israel independent of foreign assistance, gone too slowly on automation, spent too little on scientific research; the Oriental Jews have been absorbed but not assimilated; the treatment of local Arabs has been shortsighted and unnecessarily vindictive; the workers have been denied proper unions and consigned instead to the archaic Histadrut, which has continued since the Mandate to operate simultaneously as a labor federation and the nation's biggest single employer (it controls a third of industry); and the electoral system, designed to give some voice in national affairs to Israel's many disparate groups—westerners and Orientals, Orthodox and Reform Jews, freethinkers, Kibbutzim and Moshavim, liberals, ultranationalists, six socialist and two Communist Parties—has in practice given most of them no effective voice.

Some of the charges are excessive. Israel's industry, for instance, attracts a healthy flow of non-Jewish foreign capital investment; the Weizmann Institute has an enviable reputation for scientific research; and while the Mapai's Arab policy has been less than enlightened—Ben-Gurion's least of all—Premier Eshkol has improved it notably by lifting the martial law prevailing in Arab villages since 1948. Nevertheless, there is enough truth in this bill of particulars to give the Rafi Party good campaign issues, and its clever ideologist Shimon Peres has been making the most of it.

ACTUALLY, there are not many programmatic differences between the Rafi and Mapai. The most specific is Ben-Gurion's long-standing demand to end "party totalitarianism" by switching from the list form of proportional representation to an electoral system whereby Knesset candidates would no longer be picked in a Jersualem back room but directly chosen by, and held responsible to, their constituencies. Even this reflects the only difference that really counts between the two: the fact that Mapai has been glued to the seat of power for thirty-odd years, whereas Rafi is the first party to emerge in Israel unencumbered by ancient antagonisms, by ties with world Zionism, by the doctrinaire luggage of Russia's prerevolutionary intelligentsia—or by fatigue. Peres has managed to give his party a youthful image, Ben-Gurion and all. At seventy-eight, the

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Old Man is still more receptive to change than most of those around him, and everybody knows how hard he has tried to make room for younger people at the top. Some go so far as to say that he has deliberately picked his epic fight with Mapai so as to blast the way clear for them: "B.G.'s scorched-earth policy," they call it.

There is another difference, implied rather than stated. It is that Rafi's image is not only younger but somehow tougher. Mapai leaders say there is a whiff of the military about it, with the "Syrian colonels' touch" supplied by Ben-Gurion's twin protégés, Moshe Dayan and Peres. But militarism is not necessarily a political handicap in a country that would not last twenty-four hours without its army; and Dayan, who was commander-in-chief of the armed forces during the brilliantly executed Sinai campaign in 1956, has had a distinguished military career. Although Peres has no military background, it was he who, as Ben-Gurion's deputy defense minister, talked the West Germans into supplying Israel with a reportedly impressive quantity of the latest weapons and procured the French Mystères and Mirage IIIs, enabling the Israeli Air Force to face with confidence a much larger Egyptian Air Force. And it was he who pressed ahead with the French-supplied atomic reactor at Dimona, which Israel has refused to open to regular inspection since American U-2 planes first spotted it in 1960 (though American scientists have since been allowed to visit it).

A Homemade Deterrent

Controversy has long been swirling about Peres for his hard line on defense matters. Some Israelis consider his atomic policy reckless to the point of madness. The cost is not the only argument against developing an atomic deterrent, his critics say; another is the disapproval of practically all the country's friends abroad, Americans in particular. The more temperate Mapai leaders in particular use this argument. When all is said and done, they say, the United States is Israel's best deterrent. In the Ben-Gurion-Peres camp, on the other hand, the idea that Israel can rely on the United States in all emergencies has been discounted since the Sinai war, when American policy demonstrated the contrary. Their conclusion is that the only safe deterrent is a homemade one, backed by a diversified network of friendly arms suppliers—chiefly France, West Germany, and Italy.

The strength of this argument has been recognized implicitly by the Eshkol cabinet, which has shown no more disposition than Ben-Gurion's did to heed emphatic and repeated American requests that the Dimona plant be opened to regular inspection by the International Atomic Energy Agency. No Israeli premier would take that political risk, however, especially in the light of recent developments. With Nasser also working on his own reactor, this corner of the Mediterranean, at any rate, appears to have struck its private balance of terror: according to a dispatch in *Le Monde* from the recent Arab summit conference in Casablanca, it is taken for granted in some Egyptian circles that Israel and

Egypt will both have nuclear weapons in about three years, making war between them highly improbable in the foreseeable future.

No one could take this to mean that Israel is free at last of its colossal security problem, and there is no evidence to show that the Rafi would cope with it better than the ruling party. Faced with a fresh series of raids this year by an Arab terrorist group known as Fatah, the army has retaliated no less promptly than it did under Dayan in the early 1950's, though perhaps with a finer sense of measure (an even ten water pumps knocked out on the Arab side for every pump blown up on this one); and when an Israel patrol plane was shot down by Syrian machine-gun fire last year, the air force responded with what a western military observer called "marvelous technical skill." "They started off after lunch," he said. "hit their targets with magnificent precision, and everybody got home for supper."

Probably, therefore, the electoral confrontation on November 2 will be mainly over domestic issues. Neither side expects a smashing victory. Mapai has never had a working majority of its own in the Knesset. It won only forty-two of the 120 seats last time, and may lose anywhere from twelve to twenty of these to the Rafi. A great deal depends, however, on whether the loss will be closer to twelve than twenty.

So far, Mapai has maintained power through a series of shifting coalitions with small socialist-oriented parties. The latest includes Ahdut Ha'avoda (eight seats), the National Religious Party (twelve), Arab parties affiliated with Matai (four), and the religious workers' Poalei Agudat (two). Opposing it are the right-wing nationalist Herut (seventeen), the conservative Liberals (ten), the more moderate Independent Liberals (seven), the extremely religious Agudat Israel (four), the far-left socialist Mapam (nine), and the recently split Communist Party (five).

Harassed almost beyond endurance by this proliferation of parties, Mapai has been longing for years to create a unified Labor Party, and has recently taken the first step through an electoral merger with Ahdut Ha'avoda. The Alignment, as it is called, is open-ended on the Left, leaving room for Mapam to join it eventually. But even that would not make a working majority if the Rafi gains much more than a dozen seats, still less if gains are made also by the more right-wing parties, which seems likely. While the September Histadrut election did not perfectly mirror nationwide sentiment, the outcome was a bad jolt for the government. Not only did the Mapai itself lose the majority it has always had in the labor federation, but the whole Alignment polled only fifty-one per cent, a combined loss of twenty-one per cent. The Rafi got fourteen per cent, while the Herut and Liberals, appearing for the first time and merged into a right-wing formation named Gahal, walked off with seventeen per cent.

The Drift from Socialism

For the many dedicated socialists here—and most Mapai leaders have been that all their lives—the portents are deeply saddening. Already shaken

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by the "wicked split" in their ranks, as Eshkol calls it, they face the prospect now of a general shift toward the Right affecting not just Mapai's position but the country's entire political posture. Unthinkable as the idea of a non-socialist government has always been to them, they foresee the day when they may have to think about it.

Since freedom from dogma is an essential part of the Rafi's outlook, this seems to be what its leaders have in mind. With anything more than fifteen seats in the Knesset, they say, the Ben-Gurion forces should hold the balance of power, and would then be available for a new sort of coalition, "better suited to the future than the past," with a subdued and supposedly repentant Mapai. What they would expect of the Mapai in these conditions is none too clear, however, and whether the expectations of Peres and Dayan would be up to Ben-Gurion's is an open question.

So far, the brisk young technocrats around Peres have improvised an electoral program almost as an afterthought. The fact that it is somewhat to the right of the Mapai's, especially in its views on private enterprise, is probably a matter of indifference to Ben-Gurion. The stern elder statesman who has handed this problem over to them has been preoccupied by larger issues—the formation and perfection of his state, the rejuvenation of its leadership, the preservation of its morality according to his own perhaps impossible standards.

Nobody knows at this stage whether he has picked his protégés well, at any rate well enough to be sure that they will fight for principles as well as for a change. They may not even get the chance to prove it one way or another. The bitterness of this campaign has turned old comrades in arms into snarling enemies who will be unable to work together for a long while. If the election turns out as predicted, there could be no hope of a stable government for several years, either backward- or forward-looking; the principles Ben-Gurion is calling to his country's attention might drop from sight in the political shuffle; and the man who has taken so many chances during his long lifetime would have lost his last great gamble.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Will We Get There By Candlelight?

HORTENSE CALISHER

LONDON

IN A recent week I spent approximately seven hours of an otherwise idle life at two of John Osborne's plays then running concurrently in London, the West End production of *Inadmissible Evidence* at Wyndham's, and *A Patriot for Me,* in repertory and out of the Lord Chamberlain's clutches, at the Royal Court's "private" showing to the members of the theatre club we had joined at least two days previously, that being the length of time which must lapse legally here between desire and performance. With the exception of *Epitaph for George Dillon,* seen off-Broadway, and *The Entertainer,* which I missed altogether, it has been my luck to see Osborne plays on home ground, beginning with the 1956 production of *Look Back in Anger,* which I was fortunate enough to catch on one of those celebrated Monday nights when discussions were held after the performance so that patrons could relieve their outrage at what the playwright was doing to English life, society, sex, youth, the class warfare, the welfare state, death and taxes, red-brick universities, the owners of sweetshops, middle-class girls who marry them and have therefore to do their own ironing—and general hard times for anti-heroes all.

I make such a list with intent, the list of Osborne's "beefs" early on being pretty open at either end. While it was impossible, in *Look Back in Anger,* to disentangle the hero's social angers from his personal or neurotic ones, to be able to do so is no specific for any of the literary or dramatic media. Rather, to make a marvelous construct of both, endlessly penetrable to analysis from either angle, or so blended that a critical arrow aimed at one theme emerges tipped with the poetic poison of another, has been going on since *Hamlet,* and before. Chekhov does it all the time. In a preface to Turgenev's *Smoke,* Edward Garnett spoke of "the faculty that distinguishes the great artist from the artist of second rank, the faculty of seek-

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ing out and stamping the essential under confused and fleeting forms," adding that Turgenev "throws a ray of light from the outer to the inner world of man, and the two worlds are revealed in the natural depths of their connection." To do this, a playwright or writer is under no obligation to *answer* the eternal questions, though critics seem eternally to expect it. All he needs is to be able to transmit the impression of authority—it need be only that. Somewhere, though perhaps unphrased to himself—and perhaps best so except as in the work itself—he must *seem* to know, if only in metaphor or with an imprecision that reflects the inexactitude of life; he must control some of the boundaries of what he is after.

In the 1956 *Look Back in Anger,* not all of the audience's rage was caused by attack on institutions precious to it, or even by Osborne's wickedly skin-raising flicks of line-to-line dialogue. Instead, it was in part teased out by antics of the "anger" in the play itself, as it flitted restlessly from target to target like a bird that defecated intelligently from the air but never perched, or like a floating paranoia that never revealed itself centrally —what made the patrons sore was that what cannot be grasped cannot be attacked. In discussions of last year's *Tiny Alice,* Edward Albee's reply to questions on what this play was about suggested that this was not necessary to know; if the audience would but "think" along with him *he* would be satisfied—and, he hoped, they would be too. Thus he very cannily and properly avoided saying whether he himself knew precisely—for any artist is a fool who is willing to state his subject except in the work itself, or at least in another work as long.

Osborne's case was different. He seemed not to make distinction between the world's confusion, his hero's, or his putative own, not even to perceive it or care. However, when "a pox on all your houses" is stated with such wit, vigor, and passion too, it makes for a rousing evening. Some audience irritation derived from having to admit it, particularly in the case of the hero's famous soliloquy, which went on and on with such an intimacy of nagging that one began to need either to answer back, as in a family quarrel, or else leave the room—and then had to remind oneself that to make a theatre seem a room, or an audience a family, is virtue indeed. Here what the author had done was to use sheer length and circuitous repetition in even greater proportions than Wagnerians are used to, or families either. And here, too, our itch went unappeased, for though Osborne might seem to be seeking a Tinker Bell rapport with us, he never gave us the satisfaction of being asked the question out loud.

In the two plays seen in London the full-grown tree still gives evidence of the twig, but we are now in the hands of a dramatist, experienced, versatile, successful, and above all productive, who has the confidence to whip a character sketch

into an overlong play and ignore the difference, as in *Inadmissible Evidence,* or knows how to confuse homosexuality with character, and a pseudo-historical study of the army of the Habsburg Empire with *alt Wien* à la *Graustark,* as in *A Patriot for Me.* He has made two plays that hold the audience in their seats for three hours and a half, during which they are well entertained for all but say the last hour. He seems to address himself to a subject of larger import than later seems the case, and the audience is no longer whipped but rather is taken into a tabby partnership in which joint prejudices, views of character, the world of Everyman, and what have you are comfortably backscratched. I did not feel I wasted my seven hours at all.

As always in an Osborne play, I had witnessed plenty of what is usually called "good theatre" when we don't wish to go as far as the term "theatricality"—though neither term might have come to mind if Osborne's weak but insistent metaphysics hadn't pushed me toward them. I'd heard the usual good lines, even if these seemed more and more often to be the topical ones—"entering Paradise in a Minicar"—and I had witnessed the capers of a party of homos "in drag." And as always, thanks to the author's actorish sensibility, even if it is of the sort that provides fat leads for males only, I'd seen a fine actor go to town. As these plays wend westward, however, no matter how "original" the New York production is, it may be harder there to come to certain conclusions that burst upon me. For I had seen the plays on home ground.

In *Inadmissible Evidence,* Nicol Williamson brilliantly plays a solicitor whose hysterically egoistic need of both office and home entourages—mistress, wife, daughter, clerks, and secretaries—demands that they dance attendance on his twenty-four-hour daily merry-go-round of broken promises, until the clock runs down, the luck runs out, and the dread blow falls: he is alone. The promises are of varying sorts. He has an inability to keep appointments with clients in jail or at his office, he runs very near the law regarding trumped-up evidence; he doesn't write his own briefs or study them, and meanwhile twits his junior and senior clerks for the hard work they do to keep the firm in order, plus the dull lives they must lead in consequence; his clients do not get a fair shake, at least from him. Nobody does; he cannot keep his appointments with life, though he presumably has a rare old time in the evasionary hours between.

For, mainly, his broken promises are to women; being late or never home to dinner with the wife is the least of them. He "stays late" at his office twenty-four hours a day for the usual reasons: he can't get to the mistress with whom he pleads each day to stay home for his call; he has outgoing and incoming mistresses among the secretaries; even his own daughter is kept waiting so that he may be seen breaking his

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promises to her (or perhaps as excuse for the long digression—in this case on the younger generation—of which there is at least one in each Osborne play, often the liveliest part of it or the most worthy of serious attention). Always the broken bargains are plastered up with charm and/or argument, and the boundless energy of a personality whose energy can exert itself only thus and has done so since schooldays; he is an emotional athlete while obviously believing himself to be a sexual one.

Williamson's job is to make us believe in the hero's basilisk effect on others. The problem is somewhat akin to that of bringing on-stage a "great man" already known to us from the annals of history or art and having the greatness weigh true. For almost three-quarters through, Williamson, if not the play, gets away with it. Of course every energy and bit of brilliance is tipped his way; the other males are mere placatory figures and the women either telephonic devices or plasticine presences; the departing and pregnant office wife bows out in a tantrum; her successor complements the hero's monologue with the complaisant gestures, almost in tutu, of a ballerina choreographed for Hot Young Thing and Has to Have It. (If a woman had written the play, which is somehow quite imaginable, she would rightly have been accused of seeing all "obligation" only in the context of what is due the female.)

WHAT DEFEATS both actor and play a good hour before its end is its monologue. For while Osborne, plainly narrowing his boundaries if not yet in control of them, has settled for the inadequacies of one man over those of an entire country or world, it can now be seen far too clearly that his real talent, even more especially when he is dealing with a modern man than with a historical one, is still for soliloquy. The play is actually a monologue and certainly in monotone, with any roles other than the hero—or male lead, as one is continuously tempted to call him—performing as little more than subservient projections of *his* will (and whose metaphysic?). In the concluding scenes, where the lawyer's interviews with his clients

begin to furnish up his hallucinations, to the effect that prospective divorcées give evidence that seems to be against him rather than their husbands, or a young man who has been taken up for soliciting is confused with his young clerk Jones, then it is the actors playing office staff who also double in these roles. With this as the sole variation in method, the play becomes more solitarily charactered than ever, and while there is no rule that in such event suspense should be out and repetition in, that is what happens here.

Yet, Osborne's verbal inventions being as lively as they are, the epithets that come to mind per hour per act, as the spool unwinds or the vortex sucks (choose your own image, only let it be circular and macrocosmic), are: Act I, Marvelous; II, Steady; III—Stuck. The minute, early in Act I, that the hero shows superstitious fear because he has not caught his usual caught-on-the-run morning taxi, though we are aware that as morning is so shall evening be, we are still eager and willing to watch all his promises catching up with him. But by the time Williamson has heaved, brayed, or whinnied into the phone his umpteenth "Eaow dahling, stay in today, I nee-yud yew-ew, hew I nee-yeed yew!," we are bludgeonedly aware of how far the playwright has stretched or abused that art which all dramatists must know, yet also know where to leave off—the art of running in a circle while standing still.

Meanwhile, I had begun to learn what I thought of Osborne's metaphysic, or perhaps "moralities" was the better word. Hide as an author may behind his naughtiness (a word that would never occur to me except in England) or behind, say, his strenuously *risky* modernity, why did both these words, searched out to express his style, bring to mind such an opposite as "morality"?—a nineteenth-century antique that has not yet come back into its own in America. The answer may be that nursery-naughtiness brings on nannyish moralizing, in the reviewer as in the reviewed. Following this train of thought in the entr'acte, I recalled how many recent British plays did go back to the nursery in the end for emphasis—remember Osborne's own squirrels and bears in *Look Back,* or Dorothy Tutin kneeling down to repeat "Dod bless Mummy" (as example to be taken, Dod Wot, of a pre-suicide's mental state) in Graham Greene's *The Living Room.* (American authors don't go back to the nursery; they go back to *childhood,* which can be orful, but is not the same.)

"HE'S TRYING to write *Everyman* with one character," I mused, "in this case Vanitie"—but this didn't seem quite enough either. Suddenly there came to mind a favorite set of illustrations in an old bound *Harper's* of the mid-1860's—a double-page spread of drawings showing the progressive corruption of a provincial young man, his rise in city sophistication and champagne wickedness, and predictable fall. As with many nineteenth-century cartoons, the style of these was a kind of bowdlerized Hogarth, still teeming with an eighteenth-century cast of characters, but all arranged now according to a virtue and a vice that plumbed the depths of neither. It had always typified for me that exact limit of "Victorian" sentiment in which good and evil become the tamed gorgons Naughty and Nice, watching over that slough of dismay (not despond) where, sadly but never quite tragically, the good people are uniformly dull and the wicked have all the endowment of vitality and charm. This seems to me both the range of Osborne's "anger," and how it stratifies itself also, which may be why it

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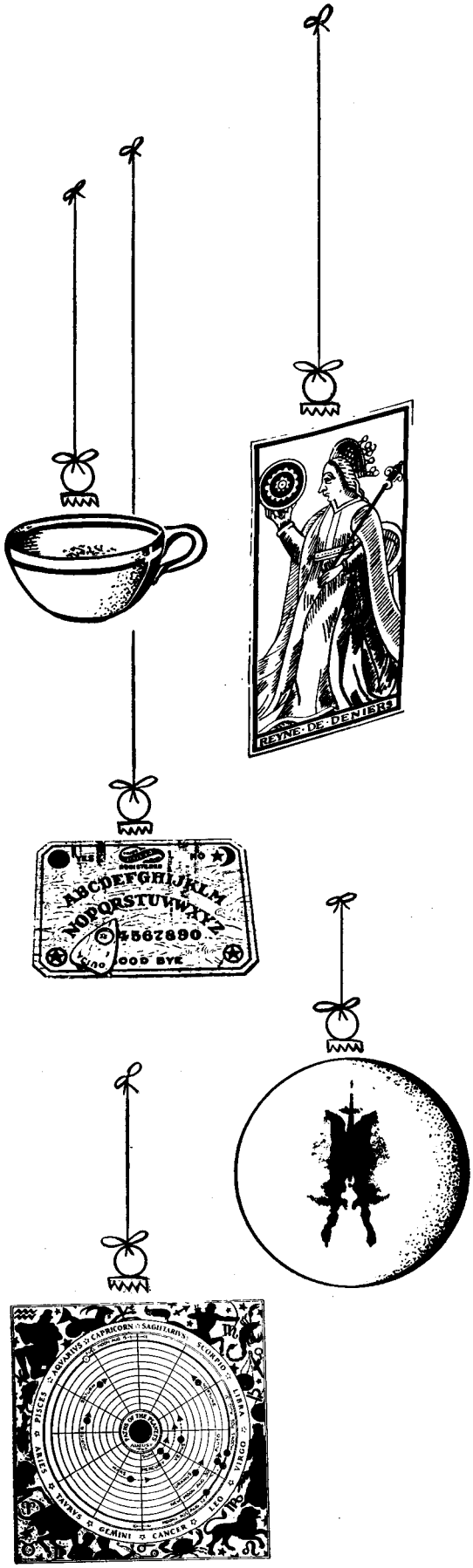

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originally bewildered audiences used to the newer psychological mixtures. It may also be why Osborne's comic comments have a persistently topical superficiality, and why his tragic ones never really hurt. I'd certainly never thought of him before as one of our more eminent Victorians, but take away the shrewd or shrewish patter of the language, especially as it attaches to sexual matters, and remember that our grandfathers never went undistinguished for staying power or long breath—and see what you see.

THE SECOND of these two plays, *A Patriot for Me*, tells the story of the rise within the Imperial and Royal Army of the Austro-Hungarian Empire of the nobody Alfred Redl; of his fatal flaw of homosexuality, which leads to his spying for the

archenemy Russia; and his ultimate fall. Osborne leans heavily on history to help him both with his narrative method and his psychology—and it helps him about as much as history usually does. "*A Patriot for Me* is based on fact," says a program note, "written... by an historian with a special interest in the period." We are told that "it is necessary to understand the place in that society" of Franz Joseph's army, whose officers "found a mystique which had nothing to do with warlike intentions; they were one in a cosmopolitan brotherhood with a loyalty to a Crown which was supranational." And that the Habsburg monarchy "discovered that perfect fusion of identity between men of many races, a sort of United Nations force in embryo, which in civilian life was never achieved."

An impression remains that this historian's knowledge is special indeed, and includes nothing about the U.N. Well, why not? After all, this is the theatre, where one should be able to eat one's history and have it too. As to the Habsburgs *et al.*, forget it; even if you never read *Graustark* at Oxford or *The Student Prince* at Marlborough, somewhere in your background there's enough fustian and rodomontade of "the period" to get you through without prefaces. Generals *von und zu* speak as operetta generals do speak when not singing; the lovely and authentically boa-ed Countess Delyanoff, who looks so English that she surely must be (and is) a spy for the Russians, though she is sincere at heart (whenever is a female spy not?) in her love for Alfred, cannot really get him to love her and later goes off with his very dear friend. Aside from the documentary technique that divides the scenes (those screen flashes: "Prague 1896," "Vienna 1897," which are always such a deadly impediment to the natural flow of "legitimate" theatre that so knowing a dramatist can surely have used them only in haste) there is nothing here that devotees of Victor Herbert might not take to, except, of course, a slight sexual displacement. Alfred can't love the Countess because going to bed with a woman gives him the willies (we have already had a scene with a whore, a tender one of course). And Alfred's dear friend is a dear boy—Flash, Vienna, 1902! Plus any modern analogy the author would not be sorry to see us make.

AND MEANWHILE we have the monologue again, this time Alfred's. For monologue is what it really is—though in intent he speaks *to* people rather than *at* them, and the fast blackouts of the staging help by breaking up what might flower into soliloquy. Despite whores and nightmares, Colonel Redl takes ten scenes to discover his own dark secret, though the audience, being much wickeder, has long since jumped the gun. After that, why, the downfall—gradual very, and with flourishes, not infrequently, of violins. Surely even the Greeks, who made so much of fatal flaws, including this one, never followed one so dead straight to such literal consequences as the simple Osborne psychologic does—or with such deadly obvious development of event and retinue. Colonel Oblensky, the shaggy-friendly, cynic-sinister head of Russian intelligence who recruits Redl by blackmail (in a scene in the snow of winter, what else?) is himself a man of parts, many of them previously played and written by Peter Ustinov. Actually, all the sins against believability end by giving the play a kind of grossly reverse artistic form all its own, as we learn to deal with the difficulty of believing in light opera and psychology at the same time, with the oversimple scarlet-letterdom of the psychology itself, plus the unfortunate fact that, unlike Williamson, this time even Maxmilian Schell cannot make the hero as Dick Deadeye a fascinator as all the other actors keep saying he is—perhaps because vanitie allows of more inflection than sodomy.

That time should soon come (or may have) when homosexuals and heterosexuals alike will be bored at the recurrence of homosexuality as the dark secret or the fatal flaw of current dramas. For any such labeling of a man or of a life by a single quality is not only to patronize human individuality but also to sacrifice any artistic one, to melodrama or perhaps naughtiness. In the same way, to jot in a little anti-Jewishness—Redl is a concealed Jew, and the generals are made to make such anti-Semitic cracks as one expects of "the period"—is no automatic passport to drama or even sympathy; here it remains one of Osborne's digressions, notable only as it suggests that where once these were almost arrogantly designed to kill our sympathies, now they seem complaisantly to bid for it. Too late, for, prefaces to the contrary, this is no story of a Jew in that army, or a man of any kind anywhere in history or out of it. Take the young man of my old *Harper's* magazine cartoon, which was called "The Drunkard's Decline," change the accent, the army, the sex of the whores, and the vintage of the champagne—but keep the sentiment—and call it "A Fairy's Fall."

NEVERTHELESS. Nursery or not, buggery fascinates us all. It is a word I never think of except in England—perhaps because it suggests a verbal bluntness, possibly a specious one, common to English sexuality in gen-

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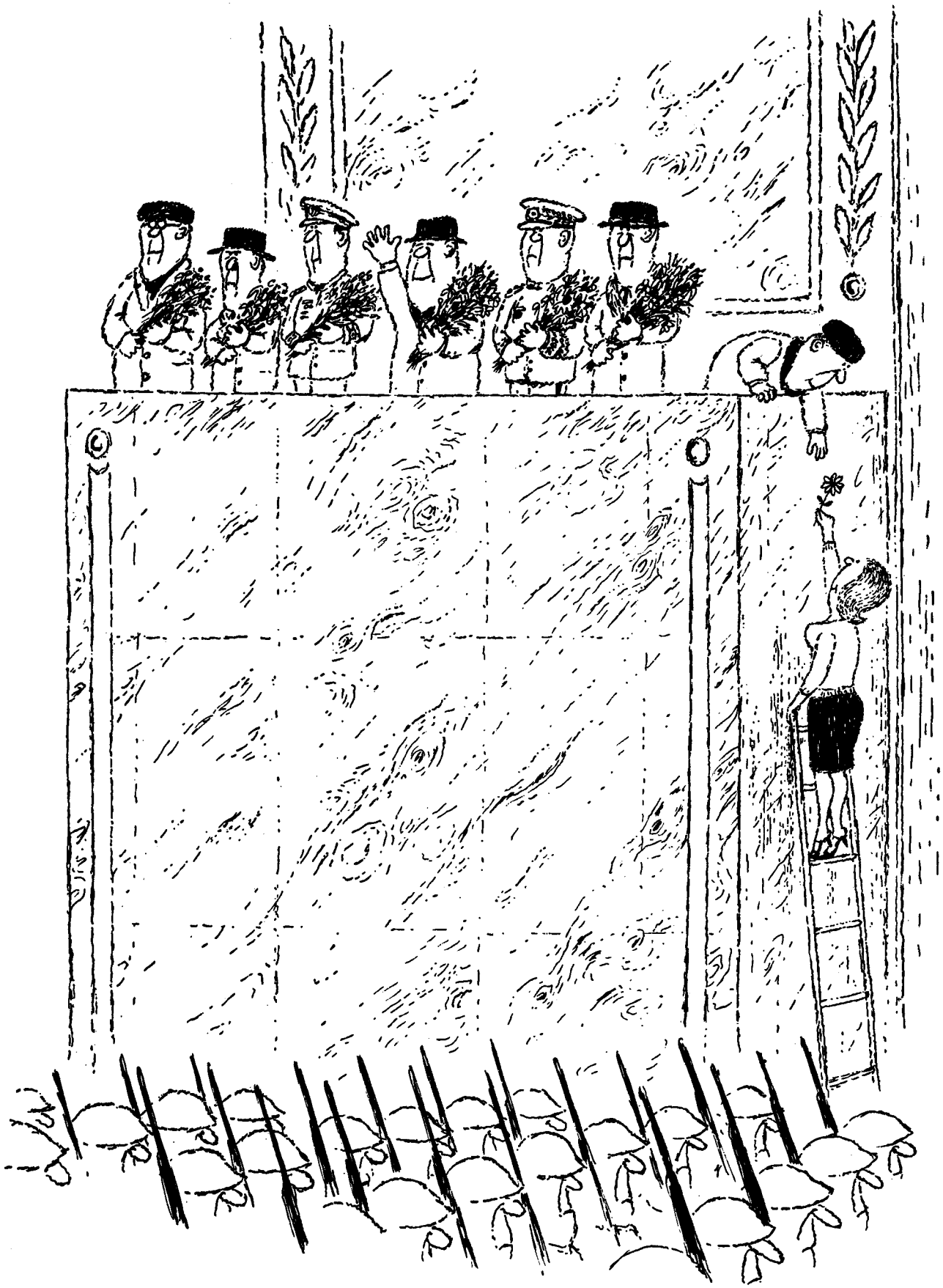

By Fernando Krahn

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eral. As against the brilliantly emotional or religious logistic with which French writers depict the homosexual, or the shadowy, sometimes subcritical murk the Americans use, it does suit the bracing English style, half music hall, half Elizabethan clown, with which Osborne stages the one lively scene of the play, a cruelly funny one, where Redl attends a party "in drag." There Redl, in uniform, fades from the play altogether; it is the supernumeraries in their transvestite array who are the thing: the false soubrette who warbles, Lady Godiva with rope tails hanging indecently from "her" pink tights, the classic whore telling of "her" first fall, and the Baron, a boxer-shouldered dowager in white satin ball dress and tiara, hilariously queening it over all. In spite of plenty of material from the good old folklore—"He wanted to be a homosexual but his mother wouldn't let him"—or perhaps by a canny use of it, here is a scene that should be the comic set piece on the subject for quite a while, though I can't see it being performed even in those "progressive" schools at home, where I hear they sometimes do Genêt's *The Maids* with girls, a lovely confusion which would never occur in the land of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. For though Osborne's patriot has all but disappeared—and it has taken the playwright how many miles to get to this Babylon?—the scene has brio, to put it politely, and it's certainly worth your time, though its full zest may not travel. Remember that though the Lord Chamberlain might not get at us in our club, it couldn't have been the aura of censorship that had so sharpened the author's wit or our reception of it as much as the aura of crime. For if there was brio here there was good reason; where homosexual practice elsewhere may be ill-starred, in Britain it is illegal. It is necessary to understand the place occupied in *this* empire by a question that Parliament itself studies from time to time.

As we left the theatre, trying to pin down between us the exact nature of Osborne's *Sachertorte,* we heard a native voice bluntly do it for us. "Bit like *The Merry Widow* arse-backwards, wasn't it?"

Goes to show what can be done on home ground.

In Search of Afro-Brazil

JOSEPH A. PAGE

THE ROOM is large and bare. Several naked light bulbs dangle from the high ceiling, swaying gently before a breeze that pours through the windows. On a wooden bench against a wall speckled with pictures sits a group of Negroes and mulattoes clad in trousers and loose shirts, the ordinary street clothing of tropical Brazil. Two of the men are holding what appears to be a bow in one hand and a gourdlike object in the other. Several in the row have tambourines and cowbells. At a given signal, a pair arise and crouch before one of their companions; he acknowledges their presence by launching into a rhythmic African chant. The rest join in chorus and produce a samba beat from the various percussion instruments.

Suddenly, the two who are in a squat position on the floor lurch into motion. Pivoting in a series of cartwheels, handstands, and pirouettes, they flash their legs at each other, now in deftly sweeping arcs, now in swift thrusts, limiting physical contact to slight brushes, but never concealing the lethal implications of each movement. The tempo of the chant remains unchanged, and the performers maintain perfect co-ordination between beat and motion. Part dance, part game, part deadly weapon, the art of capoeira, or African foot-fighting, flourishes in Salvador, capital of the state of Bahia, Brazil's fourth largest city and its most African.

Within a span of twelve hours on almost any Sunday, you can come to know much of the essence of Salvador. You might begin at noon with a swim at any of the many excellent beaches, followed by an hour at the Museum of Sacred Art, perched above the waters of the bay. Then climb the Rua Chile to the Praça da Sé, which marks the divide between the commercial district and the poorer section of town. At the entrance to this lively quarter is the university's Medical School, which houses a museum where the severed and imperfectly preserved heads of the outlaw Lampeao, his mistress Maria Bonita, and eight of his colleagues are on view. Down the cobblestoned Rua Portas do Carmo, which runs by the museum, is a square known as Pelourinho and the headquarters of the Academy of Angolan Capoeira.

ORIGINALLY a means of combat, capoeira was brought to Brazil by slaves captured on the west coast of Africa. Since anyone unskilled in its intricacies is helpless before a practitioner of the art, the Brazilian slaveowners quickly banned its use. But the Africans found a way to circumvent the ban. They added music and transformed capoeira into a kind of dance. As such, it has survived to the present. Yet even today,

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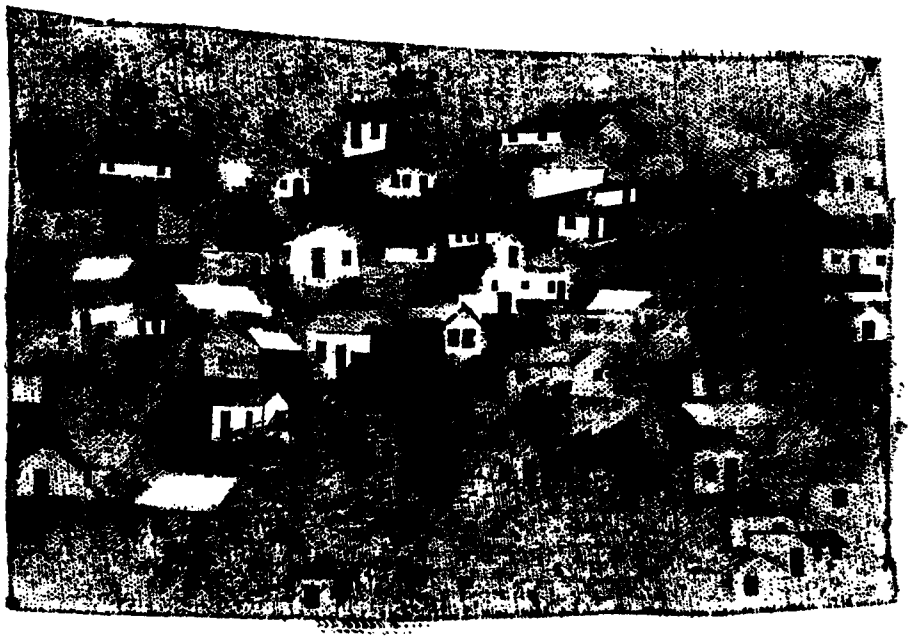
it occasionally reverts to its original purpose. Stories are told of grim street battles in which the combatants insert pieces of broken glass or razor blades in the toes of their shoes.

The capoeira training in the Angolan Academy exerts a profound influence on the lives of its members. They neither drink nor smoke, and work many hours each week to perfect their skill and co-ordination. More important, however, is the fact that they are taught by an extraordinarily gifted instructor.

If you are lucky, you will see Vicente F. Pastinha perform once or twice on a Sunday afternoon. At the age of seventy-four, Master Pastinha has been dancing for sixty-five years. Although blind in one eye and barely five feet tall, he is still the most agile performer in his Academy. Dressed in white, he whirls nimbly about the room, grinning at his adversary-pupil whenever he scores an advantage. One of the master's specialties is a flying dropkick, in which his whole body flies through the air. It is considered a risky gambit, since the slightest imbalance will expose the attacker to a devastating counter. But the old man never seems to miss, and each time he executes the maneuver, the assembled pupils nod with approval. Master Pastinha is sweating profusely at the finish of his dance but his clothes are still spotless.

The other star performer and Master Pastinha's protégé is João Grande (Big John), a tall Negro with sinewy arms. Wearing a faded blue T-shirt and battered sneakers, João Grande belittles the laws of gravity by making his most spectacular moves while standing on his hands. He has been practicing capoeira with religious devotion for more than fourteen years.

At sunset the jumbled rooftops of the square in front of the academy are bathed in a soft, reddish glow. To the right on a nearby hill are the twin baroque towers of the Igreja do Passo, the church that served as the setting for the prize-winning Brazilian film *O Pagador de Promessas*. The exotic beauty of the region has inspired some of the country's most notable artists. The novelist Jorge Amado is from Bahia. Ilhéus, the city where most of his writings are set, is not far south of Salvador. Dorival Caymi, the folk singer, reflects the sounds and rhythms of Bahia in most of his songs. Climb the hill back to the Praça da Sé and sit for a while at the outdoor café next to the Archbishop's Palace. From this vantage point, the business section and the docks below melt into the harbor, dotted with the shadowy outlines of numerous craft. And during a holiday season squadrons of balloons float overhead and drift toward the bay. Made of gaily painted cloth and containing candles that provide not only illumination but buoyant hot air, these balloons form tiny specks of color against a darkening sky as they fade in aimless pursuit of the sunset.



SALVADOR clings to a series of hills on a peninsula between the Atlantic and an extensive, irregularly shaped bay. The port fronts on the bay at the foot of a hill. It is known as the lower city, and contains the principal business district of the town. It is reached from the upper city by the Elevador Lacerda, one of a pair of lifts that rise in shafts patterned after the famous street elevator in Lisbon. A ride costs less than half a cent.

At dusk, the lower city is almost deserted. An occasional dog, often crippled, limps across the roadway—a canine example of Brazil's "hunger cycle." Weakened from lack of food, the dogs are no match for the traffic. As one walks westward along the Rua Guindaste dos Padres, which runs at the foot of the steep cliffs separating the two Salvadors, the sound of mawkish music emerges from shabby buildings dimly lit with colored lights. Here is a strange yet unmistakable sort of hell. From darkened doorways, women with faces touched by the finger of despair call out in low, pleading tones. Prostitution festers in the poverty of northeastern Brazil. The lower city is the last stop for many of Salvador's prostitutes. They are worn and exhausted, though most are not yet thirty. Very young girls, too, accost you as you hurry by. If you stop for a moment, give one a cigarette, and exchange a few pleasantries, you are apt to discover something like this: her name is Elenita, she is fifteen years old, has one child, and can neither read nor write. It's too sad—you have to get away.

If you climb the nearest street that winds its way to the upper city, you find yourself back in the poorer residential section, not far from the Angolan Academy. It is a throbbing, colorful neighborhood. The alleys teem with *baianos*, as people from Bahia are called, enjoying the cool night air. Many of the shops dispense music from ancient jukeboxes and good cheer from musty bottles of *cachaça*, a local whiskey

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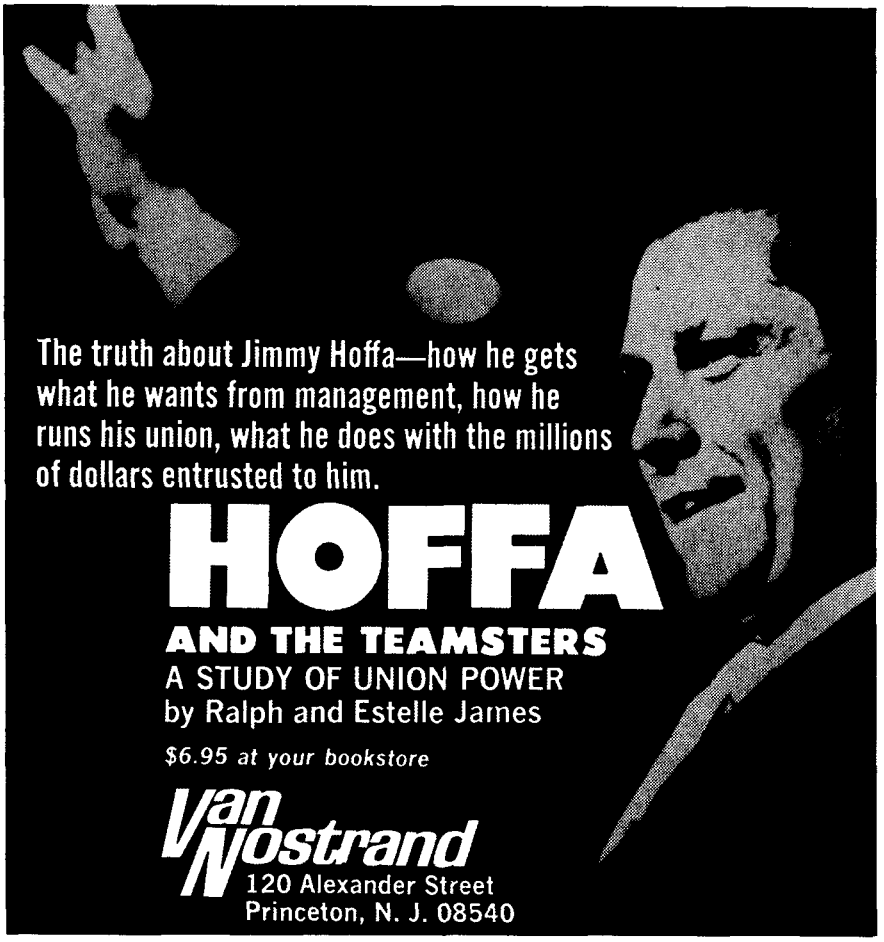
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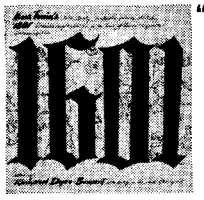

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made from sugar cane. The music is from the *sertão*, the arid and impoverished interior of northeastern Brazil. It manages to combine the pulsing rhythms of the samba with simple, rustic, folk melodies. The *cachaça* is strong and relaxing.

An infectious drumbeat interrupts the jukebox and announces the approach of an impromptu parade. Two or three drummers are enough to attract a procession of dancers, young and old, male and female. *Baianos* are unwilling to confine their street dancing to carnival time, and will break into the intricate steps of the samba on almost any occasion—a useful outlet for unspent energies and frustrations.

ANOTHER, more powerful outlet for these energies has gained for Salvador the title of "Black Rome": the spirit cults, brought by the slaves from Africa, known here as *candomblé, xangô* in northern Brazil, and *macumba* in Rio. More than nine hundred cult houses exist in Salvador and its immediate environs. It is easy to discover when and where they are "beating." A list of places and times is posted regularly in the central police station, much to the disgust of those purists and students of *candomblé* who feel that the presence of tourists detracts from the ceremonies.

Late Sunday night is a good time to visit a *candomblé* session. You might then do as I did and take a taxi out of town to a neighborhood called Vila América, where I was directed to a dirt road leading along the foot of a steep hill. The sound of beating drums floated down as I left the taxi and turned off the highway.

To avoid the mud that made parts of the road impassable, I walked along the top of a retaining wall shoring up the side of the hill. As I passed a row of tiny houses, I nodded a greeting to the people who sat in the doorways taking advantage of the evening breezes. At last I reached a narrow path that took me up the hill closer and closer to the throbbing drums.

The cult house commanded a view of a shadowy field below, and was framed by banana trees and wooden thatched-roofed huts. The fog from a recent rain, the smoke from a bonfire, and a full moon provided a

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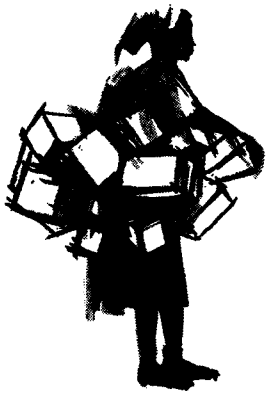
properly mystic setting. Ducks and geese scattered as I approached. They are used for sacrifices performed in private the night before a session. The porter of the cult house welcomed me into the maw of overwhelming unreality.

THE MAIN ROOM was crowded with spectators, some standing, others sitting on wooden benches facing the celebrants. I pushed ahead until I could enjoy a view of the drummers, who reclined against a wall made of wattle and clay. Their expressions ranged from smile to blank stare. Next to them stood the high priest of the cult, a tall, solemn Negro dressed in white pants, shirt, and cap. He led the chant—a mixture of Portuguese with Orubu, a tongue originating in western Nigeria and Dahomey.

All eyes were focused on the dancers, seven women wearing traditional costumes dating from the Brazilian



colonial period. In blouses of lace, cotton sashes about the waist, gaily colored skirts, and long beaded necklaces, the women wove in undulating movements to a loud, constant beat. Suddenly everything stopped. A pause, and then the priest rang a bell and renewed his chant. The dancers began again, and many in the audience joined in the chant.

Behind the high priest in a corner of the room was an altar, where candles, flowers, corn husks, crucifixes, seashells, and statues of the Black Magus, the Virgin, and St. Teresa blended in syncretic harmony. On the wall was a picture of a mermaid, Oxúm, the goddess of the sea, who has evolved from a Nigerian river deity, a legendary Brazilian Indian mermaid, and the Virgin Mary. Next to Oxúm hung the picture of another *candomblé* favorite, St. George, identified with an African warrior god who also slew a dragon. Gaudy commercial calendars completed the decorations.

Suddenly one of the dancers began to shake convulsively. Her eyes popped. She screamed and flopped like a rag doll at the feet of the high priest. He helped her to her feet and embraced her. It was a happy moment: one of the gods had deigned to visit the ceremony, and had taken possession of the body of the dancer. She began to gyrate wildly about the room. Her arms flailed in a churning motion, and the believers raised their voices in joyful tones. A female attendant in a plain white dress joined the dance group to minister to the needs of the possessed.

Soon others one by one joined their companion in the trance, and their figures melted in a giddy kaleidoscope of color. In the audience a young boy in a bright red shirt began to jerk and shake. He was quickly taken out to the front yard, where a woman brought him to his senses by blowing into his ears. Only members of the cult are allowed to give public expression to their response, even though others may succumb to the hypnotic powers of *candomblé*.

I noticed now that the man and woman who had been standing next to me were disappearing into the back of the house. I found this strange, since they seemed like fellow tourists, being white and well dressed. I edged over to the doorway and looked down a hall. The man and the woman were on their knees, gazing reverently into a closet hidden from view, containing the sacred objects of the cult. When the couple returned, I saw that the woman was wearing a necklace of white and red beads, the sign of dedication to the god Xangô.

NO DOUBT a tremendous gap separates this primitive world from modern, twentieth-century life. But several years ago, concern over the spread of cultism led the Catholic Church to sponsor a special religious service in Rio on December 31, a cult holiday. Nearly ten thousand attended. Meanwhile, on the beaches of Copacabana, a quarter of a million people stood with lighted candles in honor of the goddess Oxúm.

The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

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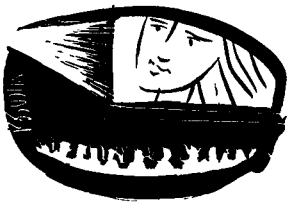

Puppets Adrift

ANDREW M. GREELEY

LEGEND has it that when Gilbert Chesterton came to T. S. Eliot's line about the world ending with a whimper and not a bang, he heaved the book at the nearest wall and thundered, "I'll be damned if I ever felt that way." Not a few people emerging from the cinematic version of Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* wear expressions that reflect, in more restrained fashion, the Chestertonian bafflement. If Miss Porter (as interpreted by Stanley Kramer) is right, then most of us are horrendously wrong.

The trouble with *Ship of Fools* (at least as a movie) is that we are forced to take it seriously as a commentary on Life. If we were permitted to view it as a well-directed and well-performed assemblage of stodgy and unappealing characters, we might find a trip on a floating Grand Hotel an entertaining and diverting experience. If we were even allowed to accept it as a tract against anti-Semitism in early Nazi Germany, we might not object too strongly, though better descriptions of the paradox of the German personality are available.

But Kramer is not going to let us get away with overlooking the "significance" of his efforts. In the first scene and the last, Glocken the dwarf, superbly played by Michael Dunn, turns to the audience and indicates that the ship is the world and we are all aboard it; since Glocken turns out to be about the only good guy on the ship, it is clear that we had better listen to him. And just in case we might be inclined to forget the point, the characters of the story periodically raise the question of whether the world is indeed like the ship. (Curi-

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osity has driven me to begin plowing through Miss Porter's volume; to my surprise, she insists frequently that we must remember that the ship does stand for the world; apparently the explicit and announced symbol is now fashionable in literature.)

THE MESSAGE that Kramer and Miss Porter are so eager to have us recognize is that the world is a harsh and cruel place, populated by harsh, cruel, and stupid people. We are fools, blindly and meaninglessly tormenting each other, and it is impossible to rise above our folly. Now this is not a particularly new message, though its very grimness has prevented it from becoming popular. While I am not persuaded by the evidence that such a message is, in the final analysis, an adequate description of life, I am forced to admit that there are times when a fairly convincing case can be made for it. The trouble with *Ship of Fools* (at least as a movie) is that, having warned us in the clearest possible terms that it intends to bring forth evidence to back up its pessimistic *Weltanschauung,* it falls flat in its attempts to convince us.

Undoubtedly the passengers and crew of the North German Lloyd's *Vera,* proceeding from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in 1933, are a cruel lot. Willi Schumann, the ship's ailing doctor (Oskar Werner, Austria's answer to Marcello Mastroianni), and La Condesa, an aristocratic political exile (Simone Signoret), are tormenting each other; two young American lovers (Elizabeth Ashley and George Segal) are passing their time in the same fashion; José Ferrer, whose talents for gross caricature are not wasted, spouts Nazi theories and terrorizes the non-Aryans on the ship; Lee Marvin (a baseball player with a weakness for women and outside curve balls) terrorizes Vivien Leigh (a middle-aged American divorcée), who in her turn pushes around one of the officers of the ship; the head of a Spanish dance troupe (José Greco—I mean, who else would you think of playing this part?) forces his dancers to serve as prostitutes on the side, and they of course exploit their poor clients; two children of the troupe throw a pet bulldog into the ocean and a Spanish woodcarver is killed in a rescue attempt; a Swiss couple keep their adolescent daughter from growing up; a German religious enthusiast reduces his nephew to near-slavery. And underneath it all are hundreds of miserable Spanish immigrants forced to spend the passage in cramped steerage quarters or on open decks. The camera follows the various subplots with a dizzying relentlessness that on occasion makes us wish the players wore numbers.

The basic problem, however, is not the complexity of the plots but the unreality of the characters. Even though we are frequently told that we ought to identify ourselves with the people we are watching, it is quite impossible to do so. The two dimensions of the screen do not permit us to get to know the fools on the Ship of Fools well enough to be persuaded that they are in fact human beings and that there is some sort of motivation, however warped, for their cruelty and folly. We watch puppets in the blind grip of fate perhaps, but puppets are not of the stuff from which tragedy is made. When we are told these people are just like us, we reply with reason, "The hell they are!"

It may well be that Miss Porter solves the problem in the five hundred pages of her novel. But two hours of contact with a variety of odd people, seen on the screen in brief interludes, is simply not enough to make them come alive —as they must if the philosophy of *Ship of Fools* is to be convincing. It may well be that the motion picture does not have the tools to convey an explicit message—at least when the message is to be substantiated by the behavior of a large number of people. Perhaps Mr. Kramer has been too ambitious for his medium.

Maybe we are all fools; maybe, as Glocken hints at the end, we are just like the unattractive clods whose lives we have glimpsed for two hours. But until more convincing evidence is offered, we can leave the theatre with the simple, happy thought that anyone so foolish as to journey on a third-rate German ship from Veracruz to Bremerhaven in 1933 might have expected to encounter a highly unrepresentative sample of the human race. Fools we may be, but not fools like them.

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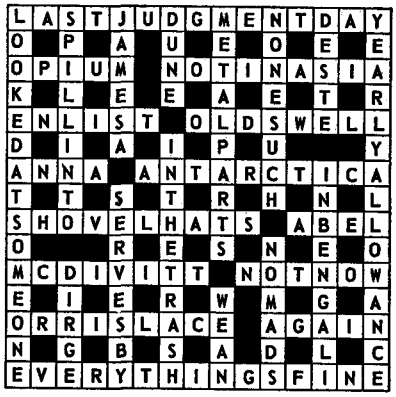
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ALFRED WERNER

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CONVERSATIONS WITH BERENSON, by Umberto Morra. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.*

Had they never extended their patronage to a host of outstanding poets and artists, the Medici would be remembered today only for their arbitrary rule of Florence, for their cruel oppression of opposition, and their astonishing political maneuvers. Mrs. Jack Gardner did not possess the fabulous wealth of these bankers and merchant princes, nor had she their ruthlessness. Unlike Lorenzo il Magnifico, she had no literary talent whatsoever. As a matter of fact, she had only one gift: she attracted superb individuals to her court on Beacon Street, and she acted in accordance with the advice she received from them. Had "Mrs. Jack" never associated with Henry Adams and Henry James, never sat for John Singer Sargent, never accepted the guidance of Bernard Berenson and built a Boston landmark, Fenway Court, known today as the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Louise Hall Tharp would not have invested what must have been years of painstaking research to produce this highly informative, well-written, and often entertaining biography.

Isabella Stewart of New York, the daughter of a rich man, became the wife of Boston's John Gardner, who was even richer. Neither beautiful nor brilliant, she at first satisfied her need to attract attention by purchasing the most striking gowns that Paris could offer. She was envied for her chic, and for her fabulous pearls. Her eccentricity made her a favorite of reporters, and she could not suffer the slightest illness without her condition being duly noted in the press.

Luckily, she encountered a man who gave her life a new direction. He was Charles Eliot Norton, professor of fine arts at Harvard, who gave weekly lectures in Boston on Dante or on medieval Italian churches. Mrs. Gardner attended them: "She tried on the intellectual life as she might try on a costume by Worth. To her amazement, she liked it." Norton gently suggested that she collect things more important than gowns or jewels—for instance, rare books and manuscripts. Oddly, however, the man who shaped her immortality was not this scholar, but a boy who could very well have been her son, had he not been born into a middle-class Jewish family in a ghetto in Lithuania.

Miss Tharp believes that Professor Norton himself introduced his brilliant twenty-one-year-old student, Bernard Berenson, to Mrs. Jack. The clever and highly attractive young man pleased her (as many other clever young men did) and she helped finance his study trip to Europe. This was in 1887. Only a few years later B.B., domiciled in Florence, felt sufficiently sure of himself to advise the lady about masterpieces that were still available in Europe, and was ready to act as an intermediary (for a fee, of course) between her and the impoverished Italian aristocrats.

As Miss Tharp points out, the Gardners acquired a few marvelous pieces even before B.B. offered his services—for instance "The Concert" by Vermeer. But only after her husband's death in 1898 did Mrs. Gardner become the great collector who enriched America more than anyone else of her generation. During the quarter century left to her, she purchased most of the pictures the learned and astute B.B. recommended, and thus acquired some of the finest works by Bellini, Botticelli, Giorgione, Raphael, Titian, and Tin-

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toretto to be found in the Western Hemisphere.

Berenson once wrote to her: "You really are the most lovable person on earth, sunshine become flesh and blood, I do not know how to describe you; but a miracle certainly, a goddess, I—your prophet." To be sure, B.B. wrote this after she agreed to buy an important and expensive picture. But was it only flattery? The book suggests that by the last part of her life she had become a real and remarkable person, as distinguished from the erratic clothes-horse she had been. If Sargent's celebrated full-length oil portrait stresses her lovely arms and hands, and the double strand of pearls she wore around her waist, his watercolor sketch of her made thirty-five years later, when she was eighty-two, presents her as a wise, benign great lady, or, to quote the author, like a "Roman priestess." By that time her town house on the Fenway —which she refused to call a palace though it imitated one she had admired in Venice—had long been completed. Her collection had been completed, too, her testament written. She was no longer a kind of "Empress of Byzantium, bedecked with priceless jewels and living in a palace of marble lace" (as she had been described many years earlier), but a very human, very gentle old lady peacefully waiting for Death to end her long, enjoyable, and successful life.

UNLIKE his patroness, who developed late and slowly, B.B. had his first book out before he was thirty. During his life—he died in 1959, at the age of ninety-four—he issued more than a score of books, most of them scholarly treatises on painting in the Renaissance. But unlike most other art historians, who have neither a knack for the flamboyant nor what is called a "healthy business sense," he had a high degree of both. Berenson, who entertained kings, lived like a king, thanks to his associations, first with Mrs. Jack and thereafter with the firm of Duveen; he provided newspapers with copy almost as amusing as she did. Yet while he was worldly, egocentric, and vain, he was a man of rare insight.

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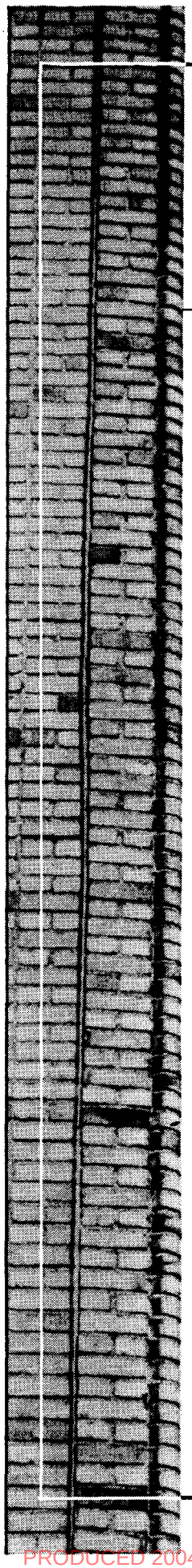

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where the Berensons lived in refined luxury—looked sharply at the political scene, read contemporary novels and plays, tried to familiarize himself with the art of all ages and all nations (though he had a blind spot for everything after Cézanne), and liked, in particular, to study fascinating people. In this category belongs Count Umberto Morra, an Italian intellectual, who met B.B. in 1925 and remained his friend to the last.

IN THE present volume, superbly translated from the Italian by Florence Hammond (also a friend of B.B.'s), can be found excerpts from Berenson's conversations with Morra between 1931 and 1940. In a foreword, Morra pays tribute: "All those who have ever frequented Bernard Berenson know what his conversation meant—its rapid transition from whiplash epigrams to tones of thoughtful wisdom, and its continuous references drawn from a richness of cultural, worldly and artistic experience, a knowledge of the past and of the present, of men and nations, which was shared with very few people in his own time and which was perhaps by no one so liberally incorporated into even the most casual interchanges between friends, acquaintances or perfect strangers."

Since he could not make any notes in the scholar's presence, and could set down on paper the gist of the conversation only after he had left his company, Morra had to rely entirely on his excellent memory. Under such circumstances complete accuracy, which only a tape recorder could assure, was out of question. But Morra "tried to remain faithful to his words, or at least to the sense and progression of his talk, and not to falsify his opinions."

"And prejudices," Morra might have added were he less tactful. B.B. was full of them. He calls Freud an "uncultured man," and dismisses him as "a Jew from the ghetto," though Freiberg was certainly less of a ghetto than Berenson's native Butremanz. Some of his statements are plain silly: for instance, "Originality is a manifestation of incompetence." But these are exceptions. Throughout most of the book, he demonstrates charm, eloquence, and wisdom as well as erudition.

It is surprising how little space is given to Bellini, Botticelli, and the other painters whose work Berenson knew better than anyone else, and how much to more general subjects. From this volume a smaller one, filled with delightful aphorisms, might be culled. The English language he compares to an infinite sea without shores; French, on the other hand, is "a sea which is full of enchanting islands, but also of perilous reefs." He deplores the fate of a friend who had lost everyone before he died at ninety: "One should prepare oneself with young friends for one's old age," he advises, "and transfer the enjoyment of life from oneself to them."

Here, Berenson practiced what he preached. The volume resulting from the informal, spontaneous collaboration between the wise old man and the cultured, inquisitive, and modest younger one is a real treasure chest.

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Survivor From Hell

DAN PINCK

MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND, by Claude Brown. *Macmillan. $5.95.*

Last summer an official of a national organization for improving the situation of the Negro was asked on a radio program whether he agreed with a certain writer's cure for the ills of Harlem: burn the place down and begin again. The administrator thought about it for ten seconds and answered—in one of the clichés of his organization—that the writer was entitled to his opinion, and so were Willie Mays and Jimmy Brown, but that none of these men was a sociologist or a psychologist and accordingly hadn't studied the problem scientifically and couldn't be expected to provide any sensible solution to it. They knew how to

play baseball and football, and maybe even write; they read the newspapers and had their own opinions on everything from Vietnam to the weather. But, because they weren't sociologists or academicians or statisticians, they couldn't possibly furnish sensible alternatives—not in the manner of a committee or a national task force of scholars who may illuminate the obvious through statistical research and interim observations, and finally, in the vortex of committeeship, arrive at conclusions.

So here is another writer and another book "dealing with" Harlem. *Manchild in the Promised Land* is a chronicle of the early life and education of one of those classified as "deprived and segregated." Because Claude Brown is a good

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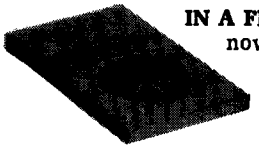

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writer, the book will most likely be tossed into the hopper of literature and be considered only tangentially as evidence by the committeemen who are remaking our society.

Like a fistful of humus, the book is rich in microcosmic matter. Whether it is read as fact or fiction, it is life; the poet is a more accurate recorder of experience than the social scientist. Nearly all of the evidence for a committee's laboratory is here, but committees generally do not read books like Brown's, so that the promise for initiating social change is largely ignored.

Do we require committees to report that equal economic opportunities do not exist for Negroes, that Negro family life is in a state of dissolution, or that early educational experiences of a worthwhile nature are needed for Negro children? If we read Claude Brown's book correctly and if we use our own eyes, we should recognize that the majority of Negroes in American cities exist in a foreign land called Hell, and if we want to improve their life—and ours—substantively, then we should extend it foreign aid on a scale similar to that extended to other countries. The Federal government seems to be convinced that it is morally and economically essential to repair this seam on the nation's conscience. As our efforts increase, it would be unfortunate if Claude Brown and other writers were to be recognized only as footnotes in the detritus of committee reports.

CLAUDE BROWN's early teacher was fear, his principal was violence; his classroom was the slum ghetto of Harlem and his playground was a network of rooftops, alleys, and streets; his laboratory exposed him to just about all the forms of misery and deprivation, from drugs and "friendly" rock fights to pimping and stabbings. His mathematics was the selling price of drugs and women; his language acquiring a command of spoken filth and street slang; his social studies the politics of gang wars and the addiction of younger brothers and sisters to the common vices. His closest friends and playmates studied the same curriculum; many of them ended up in jail or dead or caught by the plague of drugs; the girls either gave it away or sold it. In his early years he spent much time at the Children's Center; at ten he matriculated at the Youth House where "Mama came to visit me every Saturday or Sunday, so it was just like being out on the street, only better, because I could do everything I wanted to do —steal, fight, curse, play, and nobody could take me and put me anywhere. I was already in the only place they could put me."

From then on he spent time—he didn't serve it—at progressive reform schools, Wiltwyck and Warwick. The man-children "came out of Warwick better criminals. Other guys were better for the things that I could teach them, and I was better for the things that they could teach me. Before I went to Warwick, I used to be real slow at rolling reefers and at dummying reefers, but when I came back from Warwick, I was a real pro at that, and I knew how to boost weak pot with embalming fluid. I even knew how to cut drugs. . . . The good thing about Warwick was that when you went home on visits, you could do stuff, go back up to Warwick, and kind of hide out. If the cops were looking for you in the city, you'd be at Warwick."

But Claude Brown was looking for Claude Brown, and he began to find out about himself at Warwick, under the tutelage of several staff members, in particular of the superintendent and his wife, who recognized him as worth helping.

If *Manchild in the Promised Land* were merely another book about the struggle of Negroes in Harlem, it might be tedious: the setting and the cast of characters, the language and repertoire of activity are well known. But this book seems to achieve in factual narrative what James Baldwin achieved in fiction in *Go Tell It on the Mountain.* The dissolution of family relationships, the proximity of hate and love, impressed upon a common scene, illustrate the hopelessness and helplessness of being a poor Negro boy in Harlem. (Even Maxim Gorky's descriptions of his childhood seem cheerful in comparison.) One cannot tell what will save a person or what will destroy him; what seems to

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work for one doesn't for another. Education. Psychotherapy. Using one's own bootstraps. The business of living. Claude Brown seems to have been saved by his inheritance of intelligence and alertness.

His book is an important document, not because it gives any startling new insights into life in Harlem, and not because he is a fine writer—there are, to be sure, brilliant and often poetic sections—but because, as autobiography, it cuts deeply into the character and disposition of Claude Brown, his hatred and terror of his surroundings and his love and pity for his family. There are many Harlems in our country, thousands and thousands of deprived children growing up on the fringes of the Bill of Rights; but there is only one Claude Brown. The ingredients of character and inheritance that redeemed Claude Brown are not necessarily the ones that will help other children to become useful and acceptable to themselves and society. It is, therefore, an autobiography of Claude Brown, not Harlem, not everyman; Claude Brown whose ghetto was as much in his soul as in the terrifying surroundings in which he grew up.

Pedantry By the Bay

ERIK WENSBERG

IN THE WORLD, by George P. Elliott. *Viking. $6.95.*

The question "Where do the ideas go?" in relation to a novel is just as sad as Hemingway's María asking "Where do the noses go?" in pondering a kiss. In what is called "the novel of ideas," from *The Magic Mountain* to *The Group,* ideas come naturally out of a time, a place, a history, and very particular characters. For his own novel *In the World,* George P. Elliott has chosen the recent past, an academic neighborhood in Berkeley, California, the heritage of respectable American liberalism, and a ranch-wagonload of declamatory husbands, wives, lovers, and offspring. They would be living gra-

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ciously but for clambering over all the ideas.

In the World is as depressing for what it might have done as for what it does. Elliott is a gifted poet and literary critic and an experienced writer of fiction (this is his third novel). Here he seems to have planned a timely critique of present-day liberalism laid around that feast table of enlightenment, the university community. Into his book have gone thoughts concerning the law, economics, social science in general, the workingman, and the teaching profession, as well as marriage, modern sex, and the relations of parents to children. Where do these ideas go? It is as if the author has stashed them under the coffee table, here and there on the lanai, under the pillow in the guest room, beneath your napkin, in your pockets—and they come battering down at the opening of any closet door.

To put it another way: for all their incontinent speech, Elliott's characters do not respond to each other, move or involve each other; rather they pester each other with pedantry, and he them.

ALFRED ROYCE, a middle-aged lawyer and teacher, and his erratic wife and daughters stand at the center of it all with no motives in the fictional sense, only high-minded manias or theses. Not that Royce's circumstances are implausible. He is adrift, as many are and have been, in a bewildering marriage for which the only remedy seems separation, and he must decide whether to give up the more modest successes of the teaching vocation for a position of worldly power as a judge. The marital arrangements of his friends (especially the younger ones) and offspring disclose puzzling degrees of convenience and inconvenience. Violence and madness involve people he has trusted.

I see no reason why such an account could not also have accommodated the reflections on money and possessions, on what is wrong with "enlightened" sex and worn-out ideology and simple atheism. No reason but the imperative necessity to have recognizably human creatures do the reflecting. If an interlude of sexual intercourse inspires a brisk chat about trade unionism between the lovers, surely what is going on is satire; it sounds like *The Group*. But no, Elliott is absolutely solemn. If, in Berkeley, a graduate student really does say in casual conversation things like "The law has come to fascinate me," or can cry "No good can come of this," there are causes for rioting out there that have gone unmentioned.

Like most modern writers, Elliott is skillful at rage and violence, and there is one chilling scene in this novel between Royce's daughter Lizzie and her husband, who is fighting a psychotic religious collapse. It would be even more powerful if any of the girl's motives had ever been clear and if, before this, she had not spoken so consistently out of *A Date with Judy*.

A WORD remains to be said about what might as well be called the Saliva Effect. The novel of ideas is often a precise catalogue of furnishings and foods; for these, in their own time, are likely to be charged

with aesthetic or moral assumptions. But as for all the perfect little broths, the magical baked lambs, and the fraught marinades in *In the World*, I do not know what they mean—or the exhausting descriptions of modern homes and gardens in chic Berkeley either—except that the author's solemnity about them exceeds everybody else's.

Saddest of all is that they are the furnishings of shadows, and these are willed into action and talk, not created with the artist's peculiar love and concentration. The novel of ideas is, finally, a novel about belief itself—its reasons, its effects, its mistakes. But belief implies a vessel, not a notice board.

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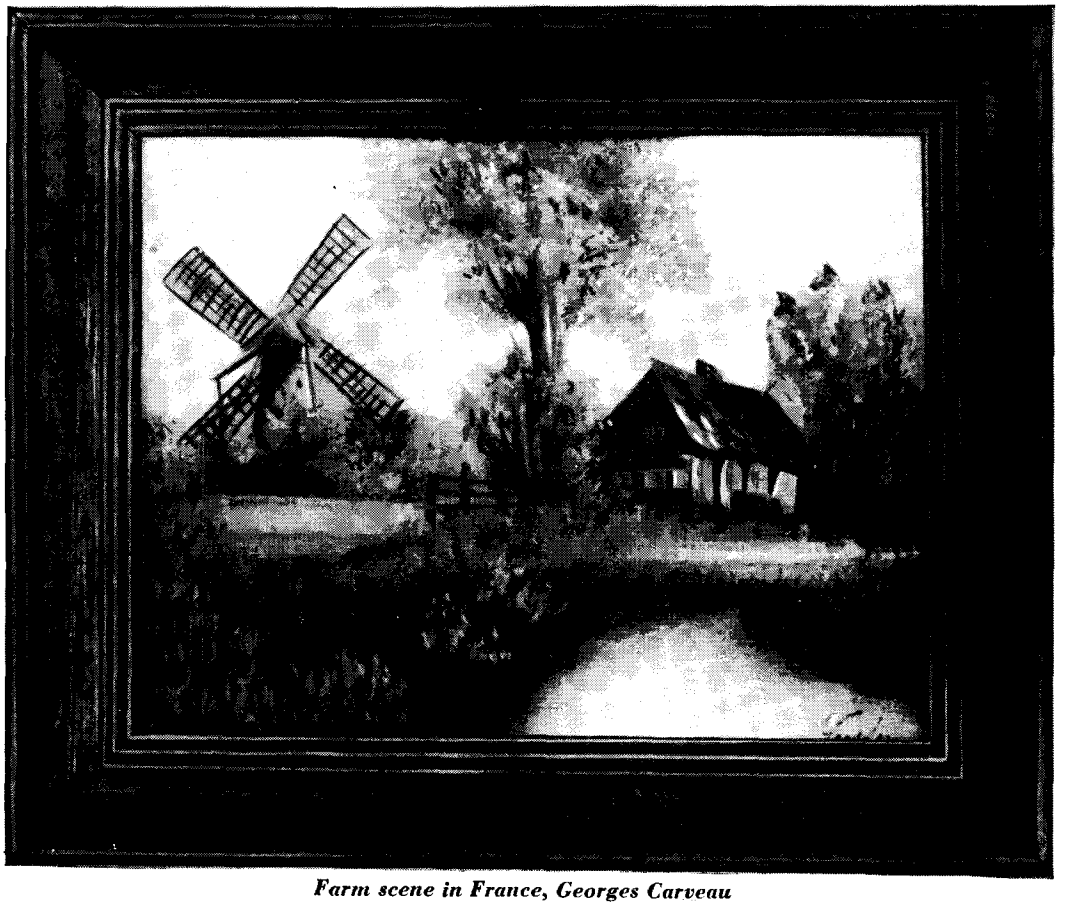

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